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PRINCE ARTHUR IN AMERICA.

Prince Arthur, the seventh child and third son of Queen **Victoria**, arrived in Halifax, from England, August 22, in the steamship *City of Paris*. The passage from Queenstown was made in six days and eleven and one-half hours—the shortest trip ever made between those two ports.

Prince **Arthur** is a pleasantly appearing young gentleman of nineteen. He is named after **Arthur Wellesley**, the Duke of Wellington. Our readers will be interested in the portrait which we publish on this page. The Prince is an officer in the British army. He is of nearly the same age that the Prince of Wales was when he visited America nine years ago. All three of the Queen's sons have been extensive travelers. They have thus become acquainted with the ways of the world, and therefore better fitted to occupy the position assigned them in social life, and as the possible rulers of a great nation.

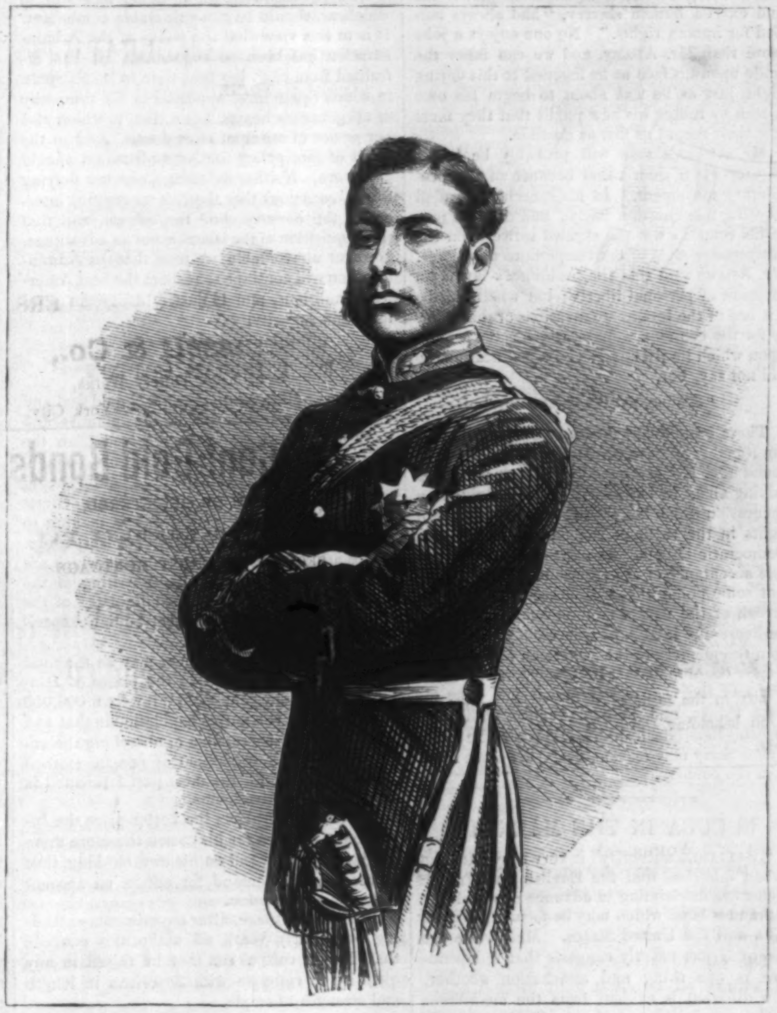
SHERMAN STATION.

Sherman, Wyoming Territory, is the highest point attained by the Pacific Railway on its whole course from ocean to ocean. Fifteen months ago nothing but bare hills and crags marked the spot. Now there is a little town, containing a large machine-shop, a "Wells Fargo's express office," newspaper shops, and even a millinery store. Its two hotels, of shingle, are of a rough kind, but good meals are to be obtained in them. Our illustration of Sherman is the first that has been published of the place in this country. Wyoming is to include parts of Dacotah, Utah, Colorado, etc. The embryo town of Sherman is 8262 feet above the sea, yet the ascent to it from the Missouri River, a distance of 549 miles, is made with the greatest ease. The grades never exceed 90 feet to the mile, while for the larger part of the distance it is not over 30 feet to the mile.

THE INTERNATIONAL BOAT-RACE.

In the contest between the Harvard and the Oxford crews, August 27, the latter won the victory. The race began at 14 minutes 6½ seconds after 5 o'clock, and lasted 22 minutes and 40½ seconds. The Oxford crew won by six seconds. It would give us the greatest pleasure, of course, to be able to announce a different result. But next to the pleasure of claiming a victory is that of yielding the praise to our rival.

But though we have to chronicle a defeat for the Harvard crew, it is not a disgraceful defeat. The gain of less than two boat-lengths in four and one-quarter miles—or, if we consider time, the gain of six seconds in thirteen hundred and sixty and a half seconds, while sufficiently deciding the contest, affords no basis for extravagant exultation on the part of the victors.



PRINCE ARTHUR, OF ENGLAND.—[Photographed by W. Notman, Montreal.]

The Harvards had the choice of position, and they took the outside of the semicircle. The boats started at 5 o'clock 14 minutes 6½ seconds P.M. The Harvards gained the lead from the start, and kept it until passing "Chiswick Ait," two and a half miles from the starting-point. From this stage onward the Oxfords gained.

We had before the race made arrangements to give the best possible illustrations of so interesting an event. We accordingly had selected views of the most critical points along the Thames between Putney and Mortlake. Two of these views—Hammersmith Bridge and Chiswick—we give on page 585.

The boats have been put in to correspond to the telegraphic account, which was received in New York several hours before the time (in London) set for the race.

The Harvard crew used the **Elliott** boat, which they had brought with them from America. So that the rivalry was not simply one between two crews and two distinctive styles of rowing, but also between the boats used.

At all the principal points along the river, from the starting-point to the goal—at Putney, Hammersmith, Chiswick, Barnes, and Mortlake—the banks were lined with spectators, wearing either the Oxford or the Harvard colors. It is believed that no crowd so immense ever before gathered on the banks of the Thames.

We gave last week portraits of both the Oxford and Harvard crews. The crews, as we gave them, were those that contested the race. **Fay** and **Lyman** remained as substitutes for **Bass** and **Rice** in the Harvard crew.

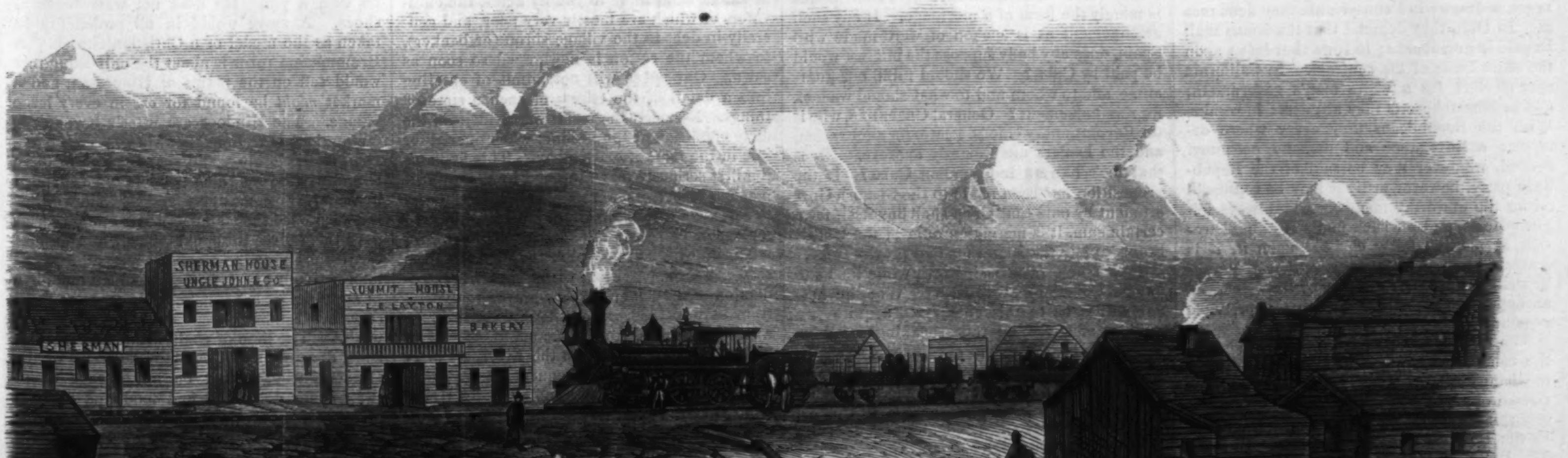
We will not be so ungracious as to add any thing to excuse our defeat, or expatiate upon the disadvantages under which the Harvard crew labored. A better knowledge of the Thames, or the adoption of their own style of rowing without a coxswain, might have changed the result. So also might any one, probably, of one hundred things that might be mentioned. We were beaten, and acknowledge our defeat.

The first telegraphic dispatches indicated that the Oxford crew reached Mortlake three or four boat-lengths ahead. But a later dispatch informs us that the judge at Mortlake decides that the actual difference was but one length and a half. The time of the race, according to the *Tribune* correspondent, was 22 minutes 20⅗ seconds, as taken by **Frodsham**'s chronograph, registering fifths of seconds. The Oxford crew were in perfect condition, and after the race they rowed back to Putney, keeping pace with the Press steamer.

After the race the two crews dined at Mortlake with Mr. **Phillips**, who had invited a large party to meet them. During the dinner the Oxford men, in their speeches, said that the race was, if not the hardest, at least as hard, as any they had ever contested, and praised the pluck and work of the Harvard men.

The London *Times*, in its comments, said that the Harvards failed in a most pardonable point—the steering; but added, that the ground lost by the coxswain was not enough to account for the distance between the boats at the end of the race.

The race was well contested, and the Harvard crew met with perfectly fair play. Were the Oxford men to repeat the contest on American waters they would meet with a similar reception.



UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD—SHERMAN STATION, WYOMING TERRITORY.

DROUGHT.

THE sun uprises, large and red,
The dawn is lost in a sultry glow;
Like a furnace roof is the heaven o'erhead,
Like tinder the thirsty earth below;
Hushed is the grateful voice of streams,
The famished fountains and brooks are dry;
And day by day do the burning beams
Pour from the pitiless sky.

All things languish and fade and pine;
Buds are withered before they bloom;
The blighted leaves of the window-vine
Chase each other about the room;
Vapors gather, then melt in light;
Rain-clouds promise, then burn away;
And all hearts faint as the sultry night
Follows the sultry day.

Sadly adown the orchard lines
The apples shrivel and shrink and fall;
The scanty clusters among the vines
Wilt, half-ripe, on the scorching wall;
The peaches perish before their prime,
The trim espaliers are bare and lorn;
Dry and dead, as in winter time,
Stand the ranks of the curling corn.

No longer the cool and gurgling songs
Of warblers freshen the lifeless air;
The simmering noise of the insect throngs
Sounds incessantly every where;
The ringing rasp of the locust comes
Piercing the sense like a wedge of sound;
The wasp from his nest in the gable hums,
And the cricket shrills from the ground.

The hard dry grasshopper, snugly hid,
Grates his sharpest and thinks he sings;
The castanets of the katydid
Chime with the rattle of sharded wings;
Blundering, booming, the beetles pass,
While bats flit silent as daylight dies;
And loud in the tangles of seedy grass
The peevish cat-bird cries.

Open-billed, with his wings a-droop,
The wren sits silent, and seeks no more
The half-built nest in the sunny stoop,
Or the children's crumbs by the open door;
Rustling with dead and brittle stalks
The paths of the garden are thick with dust;
And the rows of flower-beds down the walks
Are baked to an ashy crust.

Parched to blackness the roses die,
Robbed of sweetness and form and hue;
Vainly the languid butterfly
Seeks, as of old, their garnered dew;
Vain the humming-bird's sweet pursuit;
The honey-bee's quest is sparely crowned;
Happy the mole that gnaws a root
In his cool nest underground!

The fading foliage of waiting woods,
The fields all barren and bare and brown,
The city's suffering multitudes,
The parching roofs of the thirsty town,
The herds which snuff at the yellow grass,
The leaves which open their palms in vain,
The sea that mirrors a sky like brass—
All these do pray for rain.

FLORENCE PERCY.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1869.

A LAUGHING POLITICAL PHILOSOPHER.

THE action of the late Democratic Convention in Massachusetts is but another proof that the party has no common principle, except opposition to the Republicans, and no national policy whatever to propose. In Virginia and Tennessee the Democrats vote for negro suffrage; in Pennsylvania they denounce it. In Ohio they demand that the bonds shall be paid in greenbacks; in Iowa they insist upon the strict letter of the contract. In California they declare for a white man's government, and in Massachusetts they acquiesce in results. With the Republicans they every where denounce extravagance and demand economy. Indeed, whatever may be said of the Republican party, however justly it may be reproached for the unworthy members who always follow success, and for such faults of administration as may be fairly charged upon it, it is scarcely reasonable to suppose that the public welfare would be promoted by the success of an opposition which has no common principle or policy.

The Democratic candidates further illustrate the condition of the party. In Pennsylvania the banner-bearer is Mr. ASA PACKER, a gentleman of whom it is actually impossible to say any thing but that he is very rich, and belongs to the Bourbon wing of the party. In Ohio, Mr. PENDLETON is a gentleman of education and ability, an original Secessionist, and the representative of the repudiating policy in finance. In Massachusetts, Mr. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS is a gentleman also of education and ability, who can not conceal his sense of the extreme comedy of his position; a laughing Republican of yesterday, the Democratic guide, philosopher, and friend of to-day. A steady Republican and earnest supporter of the war, Mr. ADAMS differed with his party upon the policy of reconstruction; and with no respect for the Democratic party, or faith in its doctrines, but apparently supposing that not to approve the Republican policy is necessarily to become a Democrat, upon the principle that what is not white must be black, he suddenly makes his bow as "the rising young Democratic statesman of New England," telling his followers that if they would win the battle their arms must have new locks, stocks, and barrels.

The situation is evidently as amusing to Mr. ADAMS as to every body else. It is as if our excellent and honorable friend, Mr. WOODFORD, the late Lieutenant-Governor of New York, should suddenly appear as the chief sachem of Tammany, directing the serene Mr. TILDEN and his fellow-statesmen, SWEENEY, TWEED, and HALL, what they must do to be saved. To complete the entertainment at the Massachusetts Convention, Mr. WOODBURY, the President, announced that the Democratic party, the party of JAMES M. MASON, JEFFERSON-DAVIS, and WADE HAMPTON, the party whose chief leaders fought desperately to overthrow the government in order to perpetuate and extend human slavery, "had always battled for human rights." No one enjoys a joke more than Mr. ADAMS, and we can fancy the smile upon his face as he listened to this daring flight, just as he was about to begin his own speech by telling his new pupils that they must blot their record as fast as possible.

Mr. ADAMS's vote will probably be larger in proportion than usual because of the prohibitory movement. In his speech he evaded meeting this question fairly; and the best part of his remarks was the shrewd satire upon the vituperative style of the temperance advocates. Mr. ADAMS said that the prohibitory law is an invasion of personal liberty; but whether it be not one of the legitimate invasions of that liberty for the common welfare, which is the ground upon which its friends place its justification, he did not say, but,

"Smiling, put the question by."

There is no doubt, however, that the laughing Republican gave the Democratic party very sound advice. If it would prosper, it must stop talking about its battling for human rights to a generation which has won the victory of human rights in the teeth of Democratic ballots and Democratic bullets. It must prove its honorable acceptance of the situation. It must present some policy that will lighten the financial burden of the nation more speedily. It must eradicate its inhuman and bloody traditions from the memory of the American people; and it must cease to attract to its support the ignorant and the vicious. When it has done all these things, and in consequence nominates cheerful Republicans like Mr. ADAMS, the Democratic party may reasonably expect some favor from the country.

IS CUBA IN THE MARKET?

"RELIABLE authority" is very busy with the Cuban question, and the English and French papers are disclaiming in advance any jealousy of the new bond which may be formed between Cuba and the United States. Meanwhile the Albany *Argus* naïvely suggests that independence is one thing and annexation another. How different is evident from the unanimous resolution of the revolutionary Congress at Sibancon on the 13th of April, General CESPEDES presiding, that Cuba is fighting for independence of Spain and annexation to the United States. The most persistent and really interested workers for the Cuban cause in this country aim at annexation through independence. The proposal of the purchase of the island is transparent. The guarantee of Cuban bonds is merely the form of a mortgage. If any such arrangement as is spoken of were made with Spain, does any body suppose the interest would be paid by Cuba? We should fulfill our guarantee, and to whom and to what should we look for reimbursement? General CESPEDES, who is the Revolutionary chief, declares for annexation, and the leaders unanimously approve. Does that look like an independent Cuba? If the proposition has been made to the Spanish Government by ours that Cuba shall buy itself for a certain sum, it is merely an offer of the United States to buy the island for that precise price.

How much, then, is it worth while for us to pay for Cuba and Porto Rico? What advantage will it be to this country to acquire two millions of a foreign race speaking a foreign tongue, a third of whom are slaves just emancipated? Will such an increase be cheap at ten millions of dollars? Is it necessarily an advantage to a nation to absorb a tropical state which seeks the Union because it is unable to govern itself? These are inevitable questions, although the annexation may be no less inevitable. It is undeniable that the hold of Spain upon her colony is so relaxed that it can hardly again be established. Six months ago one of the shrewdest and most conservative of European diplomatists said that Spain had lost Cuba. *La France*, a French journal, says that the sale is the only way for Spain to save some fragments of the wreck. The colonial tenure is an inevitable question to every politically roused and reflecting nation, and the disturbances in Spain will gradually develop a party of separation there. There is as yet, however, as we write, no authentic account either of a proposal from the United States or of its consideration by Spain; and until something is known, it must be conceded to be extremely doubtful whether Spain is likely to renounce her traditions, and consequently whether the Cuban revolution will not, like the South American revolt of fifty years ago, smoulder indefinitely unless we should interfere.

If the United States should offer to mediate and the offer were rejected, public opinion would undoubtedly soon afterward demand that belligerent rights should be conceded to the Cubans, followed in due time by recognition. If the offer were accepted, and a sale proposed upon the terms already published, which should not be agreeable to Spain, the result would be the same. If the terms were agreeable, however, we should virtually buy Cuba. If not, the recognition of Cuban belligerence or independence would naturally occasion complications which would lead to war, a result in every way undesirable, for it would be a war in which we should be the vulnerable combatant. It is in this view that the policy of the Administration has been so sagacious. It has refrained from choosing that time to insult Spain in which Spain most appealed to the sympathy of all generous hearts, but a time in which also her power of mischief is evident. And in the spirit of that policy the Administration should persevere. Neither deluding Cuba nor defying Spain, conscious that there is no general interest in the country upon the subject, and that the acquisition of the island is not an advantage, however unavoidable, we trust that the Administration will continue to respect the best American traditions, and to justify American good faith and sagacity.

EAST INDIAN COTTON.

THAT English manufacturers should feel and express a lively interest in the quantity and quality of the great staple received from the British empire in the East is natural enough, and that we on this side of the Atlantic should attentively observe the extraordinary efforts which the government of India is making to increase the cotton export is not surprising. There are, however, one or two facts which are apt to be overlooked by those writing of the probable effects on American industry of the success or failure of the East Indian experiments.

In the first place, whatever may be the total amount of cotton raised on the plains of Hindostan in any one year, even if it were 6,000,000 of bales, there is a native population in that and adjacent countries capable of absorbing the entire quantity: 200,000,000 of people, clothed solely in cotton, for the most part fabricated in their own primitive looms.

In the second place, the better price the Indian ryot receives for his cotton the more money he is able to spend on his own clothing, thus increasing the demand for cotton on account of home consumption.

In the third place, after experiments extending over thirty years, all authorities concede that Indian cotton can not be raised in any quantity to compete with American in length and strength of staple.

In the fourth place, however the production of India and America, Egypt and Brazil, may increase, the demand for cotton to supply the ever-increasing number of spindles and looms more than keeps pace with the product of the raw material.

It may be stated in general terms that the Indian cotton crop is raised on farms varying in extent from three to twenty acres, the cultivators of which are mostly very poor, and generally in debt to the village shroff (or banker), to whom the cotton is mortgaged so soon as sown. Our space will not admit of entering into a detail of the effects of such a state of things. Formerly the result was evident in the dirty condition of the product when offered for sale in the market of Bombay. This evil was the first seriously taken in hand by the government. Inspectors were appointed with power to seize, confiscate, and burn all cotton unfitted for export by reason of excessive dirt or willful negligence in the removal of the wool from the seed. This supervision, with the partial introduction of the American saw-gin, in ten years, from 1850 to 1860, raised the price of the best Surat (Dhollerah) from 3½*d.* and 4*d.* per pound to 5*d.* and 6*d.* per pound in the Liverpool market. Our war, and the consequent scarcity, gave an immense impetus to the Indian cotton trade, and Dhollerah cotton was sold in 1864 as high as 24*d.* per pound. This enhanced value must have greatly benefited the Hindoo farmer, who, with such inducement before him, in succeeding years would naturally sow an increased breadth of land with the now valuable crop, the reasons for this increased demand being yet utterly unintelligible to him. But in two years, 1866 and 1867, his cotton had fallen in value sixty per cent., from causes as completely beyond his comprehension as those of its sudden rise. He found his visions of wealth dissipated; the extra pair of bullocks his prosperity had induced him to buy on credit unpaid for; and he returned to the sowing of jowarree and linseed, more firmly clutched than ever in the vampire embrace of the village usurer.

This is the reason that the East Indian cotton crop does not keep pace with the demand. The cultivators are poor and ignorant. They can only comprehend that their cotton is subject to fluctuations over which they have no control, and that when sowing it they have no data to guide them as to its probable value at maturity. The fall of one cent per pound is a very serious matter to a farmer of five acres, four of which he has planted with cotton, mortgaging in April, when prices ruled high, to reap in November for a market that had fallen thirty to fifty per cent. It is true that railways and good macadamized roads to the interior have brought, as a recent writer says, "the ryot face to face with the foreign dealer;" but what good does that face do the farmer if the hand does not hold the money which the needy farmer was led to expect for his crop?

All that legislative enactments, model farms, improved seed, and improved apparatus for cleaning and baling can do has been done, and the success, so far as the increased value of the crops is concerned, is very great. Twenty years ago New Orleans cotton commanded fifty per cent. higher price than the best samples of Surat. In June of this year the quotations in Liverpool were: New Orleans Middling, 11⅞*d.* per pound; Surats, 9⅞*d.* to 10*d.* per pound—a difference of only sixteen per cent.

This rise in the *value* of Indian cotton may be attributed, apart from the increased cleanliness of the wool, to the fact that during the "famine" tens of thousands, probably millions, of spindles were altered to suit the short fibre of the Indian plant, and manufacturers, constantly excited with hopes of an increased Indian supply, have more and more directed their mechanical ingenuity to the use of it in their looms.

After all, the English would appear to be very short-sighted in their attempts to foster the Indian cotton trade at the expense of their cotton trade with this country. It is universally known that for every pound of Surat landed in Liverpool an equivalent in hard cash must be sent to India, while imports from the United States are paid by exports of manufactured articles. During the cotton famine years the balance of trade with India amounted to seventy-five millions of dollars in gold annually, since then the average drain from England has been nearly fifty millions of dollars. It is all very well for individual manufacturers to obtain cotton a cent or two per pound cheaper from one country than another, but if this accommodation to one class is to be accompanied by injury to many others, as must be the case by such continued depletion of the precious metals, we should think that some political economist might be found to warn his countrymen of the suicidal nature of the policy now pursued.

The truth is, English manufacturers have an insane belief in the possibility of supplying the two hundred millions of Hindoos with "domestics," "long cloth," and "mull-mulls" woven in England from cotton raised in India. For more than forty years the English manufacturer has had the Indian market open to him, and with what result? To-day England does not send to India sufficient cotton cloth to make a turban for every wearer of that head-dress. The *total* English exports to India are £20,000,000 sterling, and that is only equivalent to one half-dollar for each inhabitant. A total change must come over the natives before this is much increased.

What of English manufacture does a Hindoo farmer require? He does not use knives or forks or spoons. He would not know what to do with a pin. He does not wear boots or shoes. A stove would in all probability be taken as the model of a Christian church. A Brummagem razor is about the only thing that would sell on the plains of Hindostan, and a market *might* be found for *one* in every large village. The Hindoos are utterly beyond the temptations of trade. They have no wants beyond food, clothing, and shelter; and of these clothing is the one thing possible to be supplied by their English masters; and that more of this is not supplied the manufacturers of Manchester have themselves to thank. Their own dishonesty is the stumbling-block in their path. Common native-made cloth may be rough and dirty in appearance, but it is honestly made and will so wear. English cloth looks better, but "won't wash." The lime or chalk with which it is finished does not stand the daily ablutions of the Hindoos, who, having on an average about twenty-four dollars to find food and raiment for a whole year, are naturally rather particular about the serviceable nature of the cloth they purchase.

Before a revolution occurs in Hindoo nature and consequent habits new markets will have opened all over the globe, and whether Indian cotton can ever fully compete with American will be—indeed now is—a question of no moment to us as a nation. We shall always find ready purchasers for every pound of cotton we can raise, even were the amount increased five-fold.

LADY BYRON'S STORY.

SINCE "Uncle Tom's Cabin" Mrs. STOWE has written nothing that has made so great a sensation as her late article upon the separation of Lord and Lady BYRON. It has been discussed with as much feeling as the event itself when it occurred; and from the tone of many of the remarks upon the subject it might be supposed that Mrs. STOWE had been guilty of some very grave offense in making public Lady BYRON'S statement—as if the truth, however shocking, must not be told of Lord BYRON because he was a great poet and has been long dead.

Lord BYRON, one of the most worthless and unprincipled of men, always asserted that he did not know the cause of the separation. He did not hesitate to overwhelm his wife with satire and ridicule before the world. No man with the least pretense to the character of a gentleman and man of honor was ever guilty of more wanton and disgraceful conduct toward a silent and defenseless woman, and she his wife. But her very silence was imputed to her as a crime. Not to contradict the "ten or twenty" different explanations that MACAULAY says were offered, and which bore heavily upon BYRON, was declared to be malignant persecution upon her part. Was it also malignant persecution to endure, in the same silence, his sneers and calumnies?

Having been reviled for keeping silence, Lady BYRON is now reviled for speaking. It was cold-hearted malice not to speak before; it is odious slander or insanity to speak now. The fact is, that if her story be true her silence during the life of Lord BYRON and Mrs. LEIGH was the purest humanity; and it will be very difficult to disprove the story of that one of the two most interested persons whose word must necessarily be preferred to that of the other. And in saying her story we do not necessarily mean Mrs. STOWE'S version of it—the general accuracy of which, however, we have no reason to question, for the facts of Lady BYRON'S representation were written by Mrs. STOWE from memoranda; but we mean the reason that Lady BYRON gives for the separation. Evidently this is not now told for the first time, although it is now first made universally public. Mrs. STOWE says it has been long known to many persons in England. Dr. LUSHINGTON, of course, knew it. The writer of an article in the *Temple Bar* Magazine for June knew it. The editor of the *Nation* says that he heard it differently told ten years ago. And we know it to have been told at a literary party in Edinburgh more than thirty years ago by a gentleman of some literary distinction. But it was hooted by the company, and the gentleman was judged to have committed a great wrong in repeating the story.

The disclosure is shocking, as that of all enormous guilt is—but there is nothing in it which is essentially improbable; and if the charge were true of any man of his time, of none was it more likely to be true than of BYRON. That Lady BYRON believed it, there can be no doubt, and as little that it was the substance of her statement to Dr. LUSHINGTON; nor is there any doubt that he believed her representations. In his letter to her, written in 1830, he does not say that he qualified his advice by any ifs or buts. "When you came to town—in about a fortnight or perhaps more after my first interview with Lady NOEL [the mother of Lady BYRON]—I was for the first time informed by you of facts utterly unknown, as I have no doubt, to Sir RALPH and Lady NOEL. On receiving this additional information my opinion was entirely changed—I considered a reconciliation impossible. I declared my opinion, and added that, if such an idea should be entertained, I could not, either professionally or otherwise, take any part toward effecting it." Here is not the least intimation of doubt. It is evident that Dr. LUSHINGTON believed what Lady BYRON told him; and, as we have said, there can be no doubt that she told him in 1816 what she told Mrs. STOWE in 1856. That Lady BYRON was deceived is most improbable; for Dr. LUSHINGTON would not have spoken so peremptorily until he had thoroughly cross-questioned her, and satisfied himself that she told the truth. If that truth was the present story, Dr. LUSHINGTON'S letter disposes of the theories that Lady BYRON was jealous or of failing faculties.

Apart from this, Lady BYRON'S direct assertion must outweigh her husband's professions that he ardently desired an investigation, and that he had not the least suspicion of the cause of the separation. Lady BYRON'S statement fully justifies her silence, and explains the life that BYRON led after leaving England. The chief difficulty in Mrs. STOWE'S report of the circumstances is, that Lady BYRON is represented as living with her husband after she knew the intrigue, and as actually discussing it with him. That she loved him devotedly is unquestionable, and that love suffereth all things is true; but the version that the editor of the *Nation* heard seems, at least, more probable, that Lady BYRON knew nothing of the facts until her child was born, and that then she believed her husband to be deranged; which explains her consultation with Dr. BAILLIE, and the light tone of the letter which she wrote after leaving London.

On the other hand, Mrs. STOWE'S statement of the reasons why Lady BYRON was willing that the truth should be finally known must be received as satisfactory; and, although that was not her object, every honorable mind will be glad that she, who, by the accident of her relations with Lord BYRON, must be always conspicuous so long as his genius enchants the world, will not live in the immortality of ridicule with which that genius had invested her. It is desirable that all the truth should be known even about great men. If SHAKESPEARE had committed a brutal murder nothing could be gained by concealing it; and if the charge were now first made, the weight of the evidence should be regarded rather than the enormity of the accusation. We once heard a very distinguished poet rating Mr. PARTON soundly for saying in the *North American Review* that DANIEL WEBSTER sometimes appeared upon the platform evidently the worse for liquor. But CROMWELL was wiser, who told the painter not to omit the warts in taking his likeness. We should not consider the writer a hyena rooting among graves who should give us a solution of the relation of SWIFT and STELLA as authentic as that which Mrs. STOWE has given us of the BYRON separation.

INDUSTRY AT THE SOUTH.

UPON the whole, the most copious and admirable report of the condition of the cotton culture and cultivators in the Southern States is that just issued by Messrs. LORING & ATKINSON, cotton brokers of Boston, who sent several hundred circulars to intelligent cotton planters every where in the South, and who now publish a careful digest of the answers. The report is a neat pamphlet of nearly two hundred pages, and it may be very profitably studied as a faithful representation both of facts and feelings.

The general testimony in regard to the cotton culture is, that there must be more and better labor. That is imperative. One correspondent says that Georgia alone could produce two millions of bales. But the colored laborer is now showing the results of slavery. An unnatural system will sooner or later revenge itself. The mortality among the negroes, according to one account, has been at least three hundred per cent. greater since they were made free than before, and it is the general estimate that it takes three freedmen to do the work of one slave. These, of course, are the opinions of those who are probably generally in favor of coerced labor; but there can be little doubt that the colored population is very rapidly reduced by the greater recklessness of living and negligence of disease, which naturally follow emancipation, and by the increased unwillingness to bear children, which is universally remarked. The women, too, are largely withdrawn from field labor, and the shiftlessness and willfulness of those who in a warm climate have been bred in ignorance and degradation, and are suddenly thrown upon themselves, are also apparent with unfortunate consequences. Indeed, there is a general impression upon the part of the writers, evidently with certain Jamaica precedents in their minds, that the negroes will gradually or even rapidly relapse into barbarism.

The truth probably is that, as the worse and weaker part of the laboring population perishes, the necessity of the case will replace it by the most vigorous part of the present stock, and by copious immigration. "The South" is peculiarly adapted for the growth of the best cotton in the world. Yet the area now devoted to it is not more in proportion, Mr. EDWARD ATKINSON tells us, than one square to the whole checker-board. The crop of this year may be 2,500,000 bales, an amount which one State alone might produce. But it is not the character of the laborer alone which must and should change; it is the system of labor. However satisfactory the material result of the slave cotton culture in contrast with the present temporary and experimental and disturbed system, yet slave labor was always most slothful, wasteful, and stationary. With the introduction of free labor the proved conditions and resources of free labor must also be introduced: small farms, improved implements, and intelligent and interested industry. It is among the economical follies of slavery that it can not avail itself of intelligence; and he was an unnecessary optimist who imagined that men spoiled by being deprived of freedom would, upon regaining it, simultaneously regain all the faculties, sagacities, and impulses of freedom. When a man's leg has been broken, it is with infinite pain that he puts it again to the ground, even when the bone has knit. But to expect of the just freed slave the work of the freeman is to expect a broken-legged man to run as nimbly as his sound neighbor. Patience is the chief moral element of political and industrial reconstruction.

To adopt a Coolie system would be the resource of impatience, and therefore unwise. The labor situation at the South springs from coerced labor. To introduce a system of peonage, or modified slavery, by filling the cotton fields with new barbarians would be to prolong the system of vast plantations, of want of machinery, and of all improvements, and to multiply ignorant and degraded labor. In every way this would be intolerable. The testimony of the circular is quite conclusive that intelligent labor upon small farms will harvest the best cotton crop, both in quality and quantity. Nor is negro labor indispensable.

It must be constantly remembered that the great want of the South is not primarily the development of the cotton fields—it is that general intelligence which understands the relations of things, and which sees that school-houses, churches, railroads, machinery, and the spirit that fosters these, are essential to the best and increasing cotton crops. Tranquillity and security are the indispensable conditions of industrial improvement, and therefore the general disgust with "politics" expressed in the letters is welcome as a sign that this is becoming generally understood. Persons like WADE HAMPTON and JOHN FORSYTH are the real enemies of large cotton crops; for they promote the agitated condition which deters farmers with brains and capital and improvements and intelligence from occupying the fields which languish for them.

TEXAS.

THE mask of "Conservative Republicanism" is pretty well stripped off in Mississippi; and it is now evident that the nomination of Judge DENT, if it should be made, will be merely an attempt of the opponents of the Administration, and of the Republican principles and policy, to obtain control of the State. The case is the same, if not as yet so well understood, in Texas. In that State there are two candidates for Governor. General E. J. DAVIS is supported by the Republicans and the great body of the Union men. General A. J. HAMILTON is supported by the Democrats and a few Republicans, the hope of the mass of his supporters being to demoralize and destroy the Republican organization.

The platform of the Republicans is firm and sagacious. It accepts heartily the conditions of reconstruction; it pledges the party to the support of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth amendments; it denounces any evasion of the strict obligation of the debt; it recommends the ratification of the proposed Constitution because it secures equal civil and political rights; it favors internal improvement and immigration, and cordially confides in the President and in Congress, and especially commends the spirit of CARL SCHURZ'S Amnesty resolutions at Chicago. The platform is wholly free from a proscriptive spirit, and is such as every truly intelligent citizen would most heartily approve.

General HAMILTON stands upon no platform, and represents no principle nor party. He is sustained as the opponent of the organized Administration party; and it is for every man to decide whether it is better for Texas and the Union that those who have so long kept the State in a condition of anarchy shall obtain legal control by his election, or whether the recognized and organized Republicans shall succeed. The prospects of the Republicans and General DAVIS are most promising. It is estimated that the registered vote will be about 120,000, of which 70 per cent. may be cast at the election, making 84,000 votes. Divided into sections, it is computed that Western Texas, the home of General DAVIS, with the German, colored, and Union strength, will give him a majority of 9000. Middle Texas, with 5000 colored majority, will probably give 6000 Republican majority. And Eastern Texas may give HAMILTON 4000 majority. This calculation concedes in the State 35,000 votes for HAMILTON, against 49,000 for DAVIS. There is no disfranchisement issue in the election, and the unfortunate personal habits of General HAMILTON are openly discussed in the papers. While, therefore, all the Democratic votes cast will be for him, it is very doubtful if he polls the full Democratic strength.

In the Galveston Congressional district General W. T. CLARK has been unanimously nominated by the Republicans, and has accepted in a manly, generous, and discreet letter. General CLARK was the beloved personal friend and chief of staff of General M'PHERSON, and is one of the kind of men who will give a new and better life to his adopted State. He and his friends in Texas, who are trying to secure at the polls what they won in the field, are most worthy the hearty sympathy and material assistance of Republicans every where.

NOTES.

THE *World*, which exhausted the resources of abuse in speaking of Mr. ANDREW JOHNSON four years ago, now remarks, "Mr. JOHNSON is a man to be opposed if you will......but he can not be belittled." He certainly can not. He has himself completed the process.

THE announcement that Mr. G. W. CURTIS will be a regular contributor to the new *College Review* is a mistake.

THE story which was recently so widely circulated of the uncivil reception of the President at the office of the District Attorney in New York, upon which the press sharply commented, and which served "An Old Bachelor" in *Harper's Bazar* as the text of a short sermon upon manners, is wholly unfounded, as the President himself has stated.

THE "Seven Curses of London," by JAMES GREENWOOD, just published by the HARPERS, is a curious and painfully interesting revelation of some of the darkest mysteries of London life. Its facts are very valuable, and they are presented graphically and simply.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE Massachusetts State Democratic Convention met at Worcester, August 24, and nominated John Quincy Adams for Governor, S. C. Lamb for Lieutenant-Governor, John K. Tarbox for Secretary of State, and J. G. Abbot for Attorney-General. Among the resolutions adopted was one denouncing the prohibitory liquor law.

It is estimated that the value of boots and shoes manufactured in Massachusetts the present year will exceed $95,000,000. The wholesale dealers in Boston are forming a Shoe and Leather Dealers' Exchange. Since January 1 nearly 800,000 cases of goods have been shipped from that city, an excess of fully thirty-three per cent. over the corresponding period last year.

The records of the State Department show the following regarding State action on the Fifteenth Amendment to the National Constitution:

Complete Ratification—North Carolina, West Virginia, Massachusetts, Wisconsin, Maine, Louisiana, Michigan, South Carolina, Pennsylvania, Arkansas, Connecticut, Florida—12.

Defective Ratification—Kansas, Missouri—2.

Rejected in Delaware and Kentucky—2.

FOREIGN NEWS.

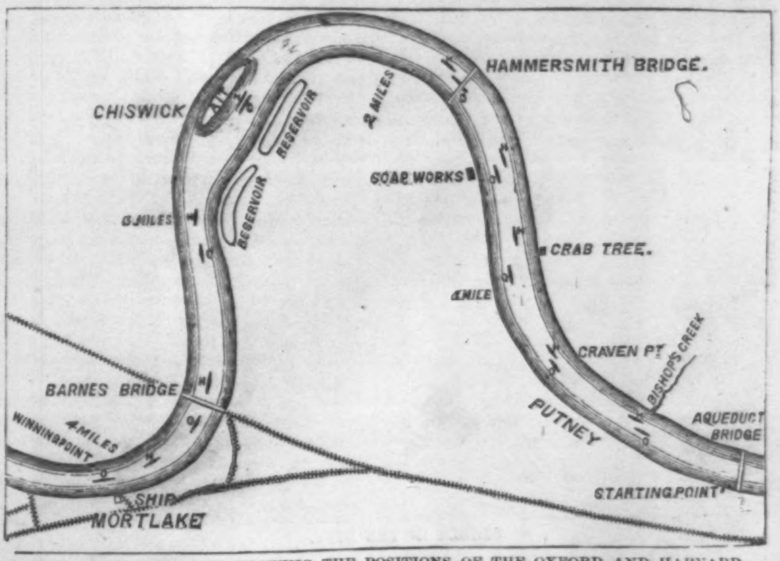
DURING a violent storm in the harbor at Cronstadt, Russia, August 23, a monitor broke loose from her anchorage and ran into a screw frigate, sinking her almost instantly, and drowning sixteen of her crew.

Salvatori Patti, the father of Adelina and Carlotta Patti, died in Paris on the 23d of August.

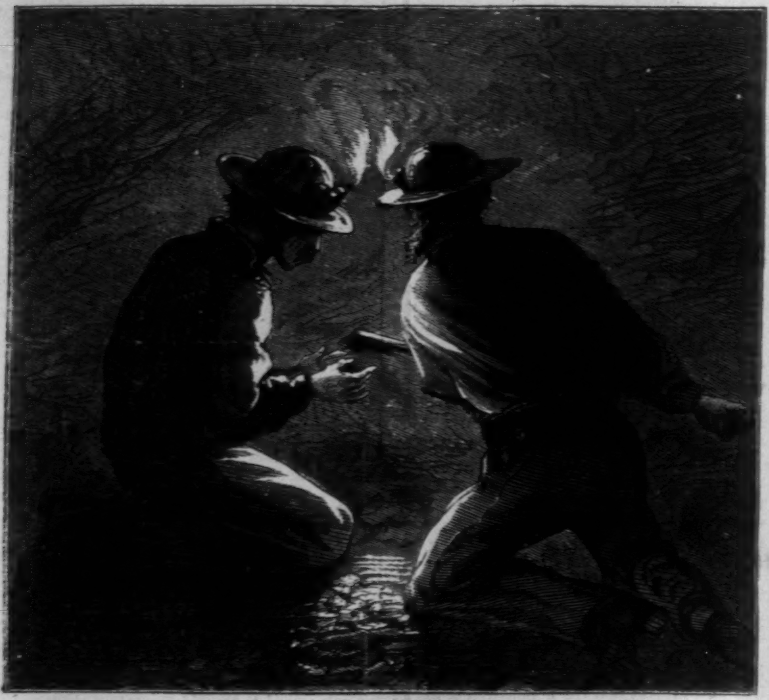
A colliery explosion took place a few miles from St. Etienne, France, August 24. Fourteen persons were killed.

A telegram from Paris, August 29, states that a conspiracy had been discovered on board the United States frigate *Sabine*, now lying in the port of Cherbourg. Some of the crew, to revenge themselves on their officers, attempted to set fire to the powder magazine, and blow up the ship. They had proceeded so far as to light a fuse communicating with the magazine, when the plot was frustrated by a cabin-boy, who discovered the burning fuse. It was found that twenty-two sailors were implicated in the plot, and they were put into irons. Seven have since been condemned to death, and hanged at the yard-arm.

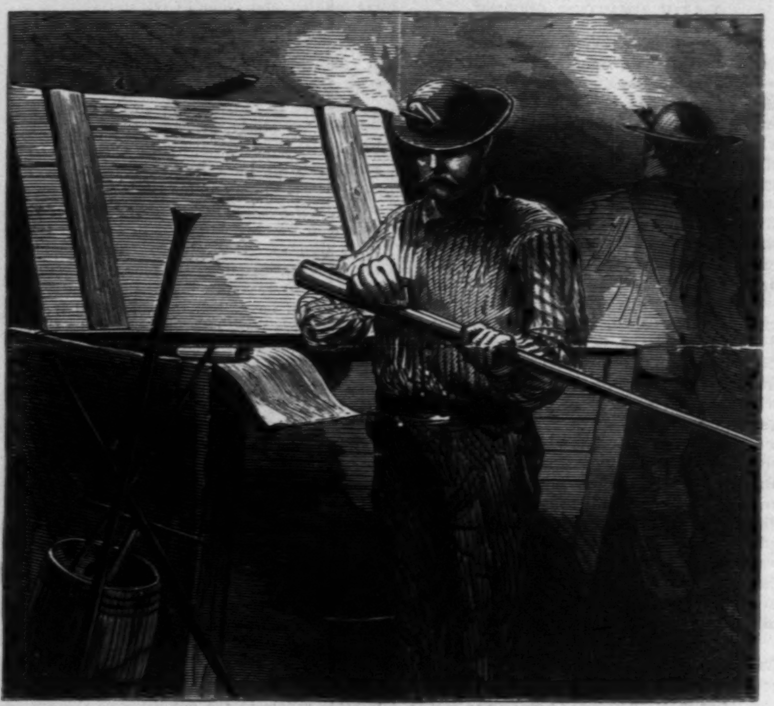
A meeting of 2000 persons was held in Berlin, August 29, and resolutions were adopted calling for the suppression of convents and the expulsion of Jesuits.



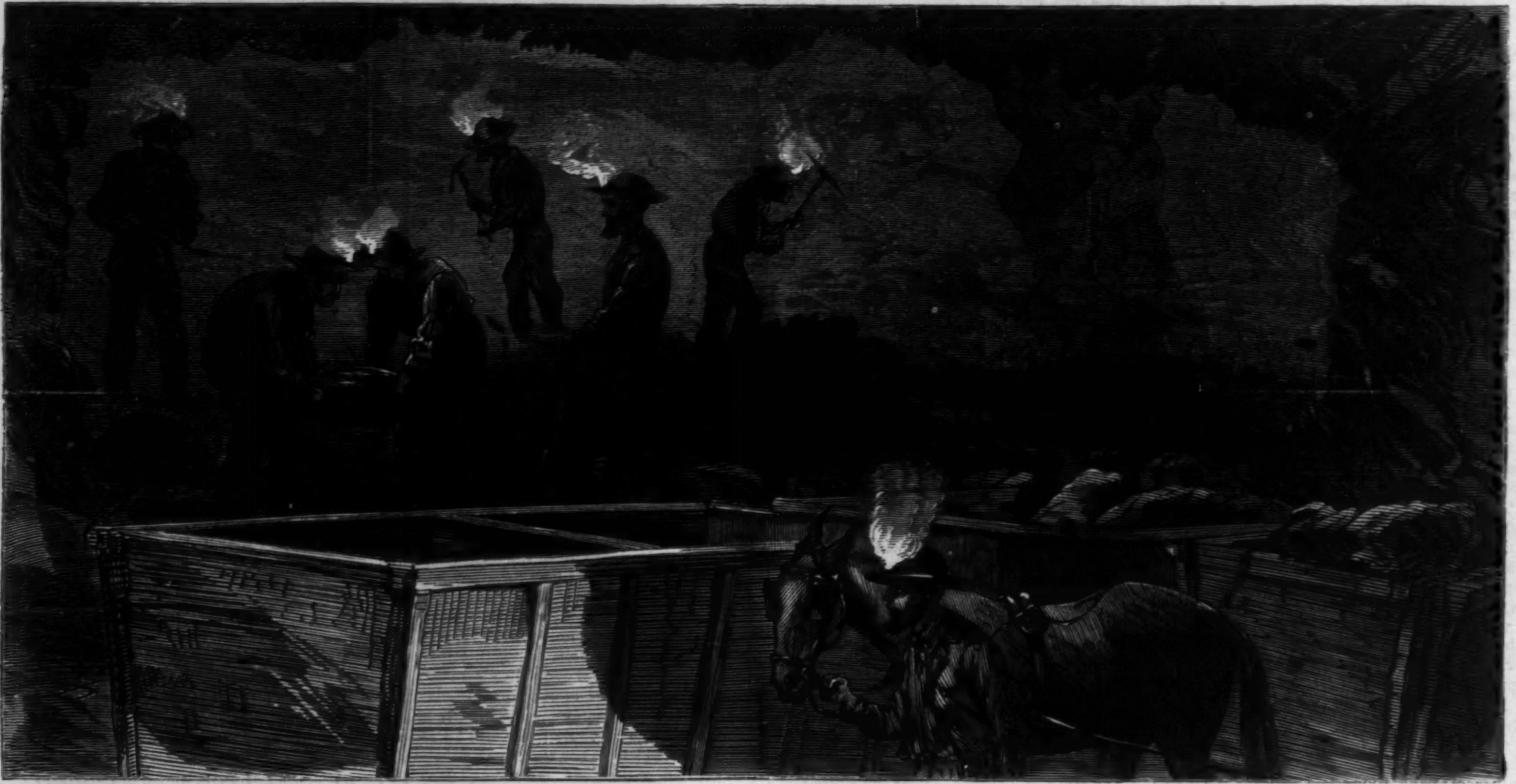
MAP OF THE THAMES, SHOWING THE POSITIONS OF THE OXFORD AND HARVARD BOATS DURING THE RACE FROM PUTNEY TO MORTLAKE.



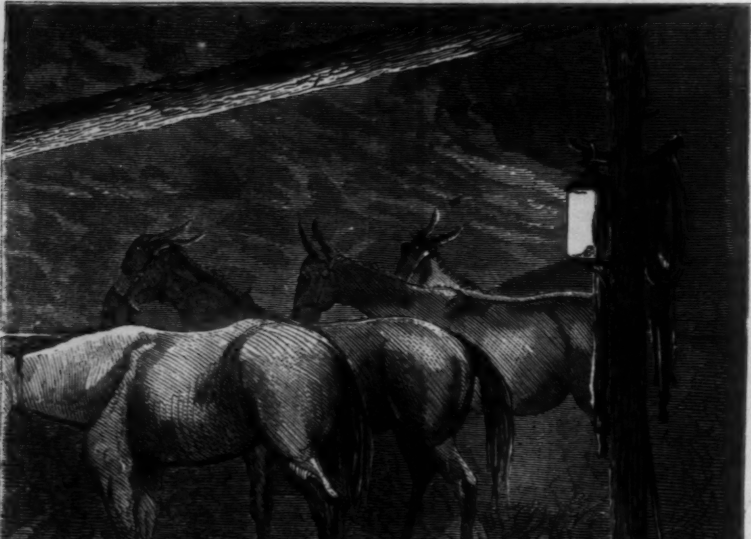
MINERS AT WORK—TAMPING A CHARGE.



MINERS AT WORK—THE MINER'S CHEST.



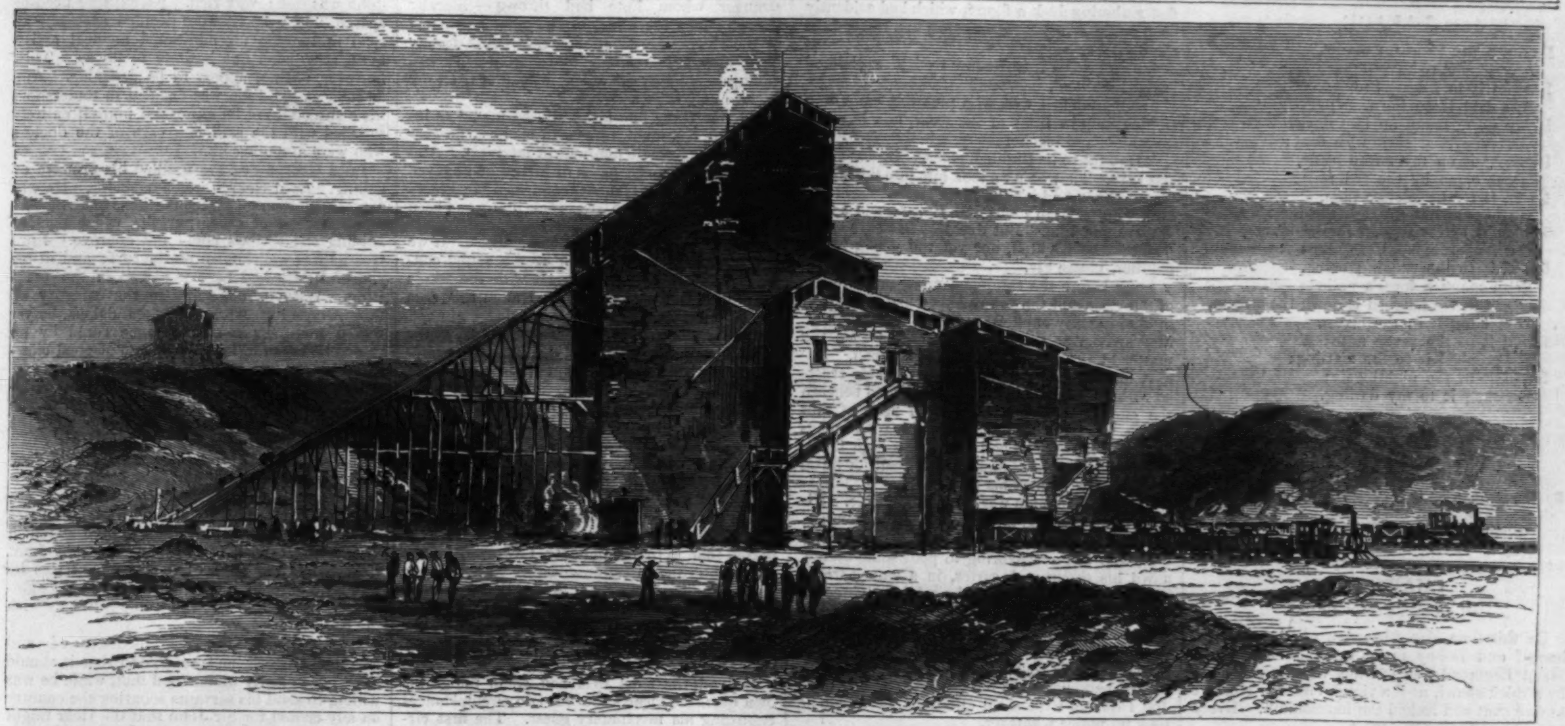
MINERS AT WORK—MINING AND LOADING COAL.



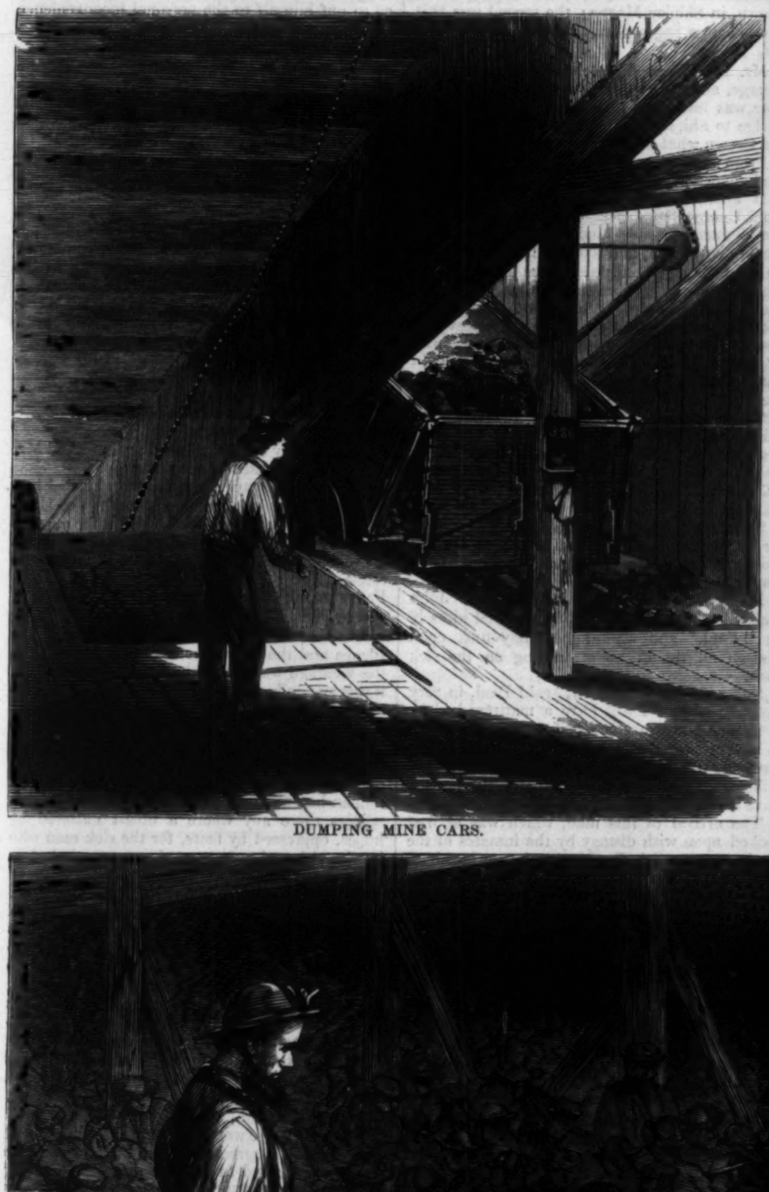
STABLE IN THE MINE.

BOTTOM OF THE SLOPE.

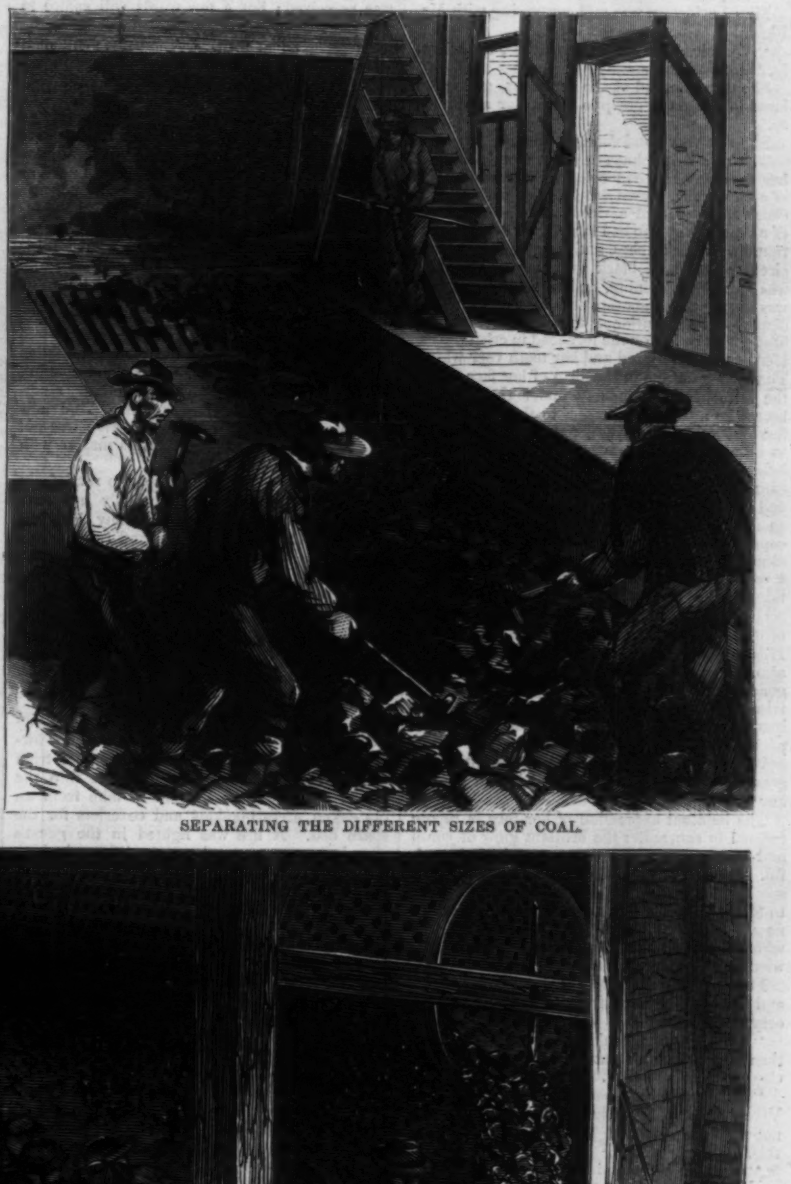
THE COAL-MINES OF PENNSYLVANIA—MINING THE COAL.—Sketched by Theo. R. Davis.—[See Page 583.]



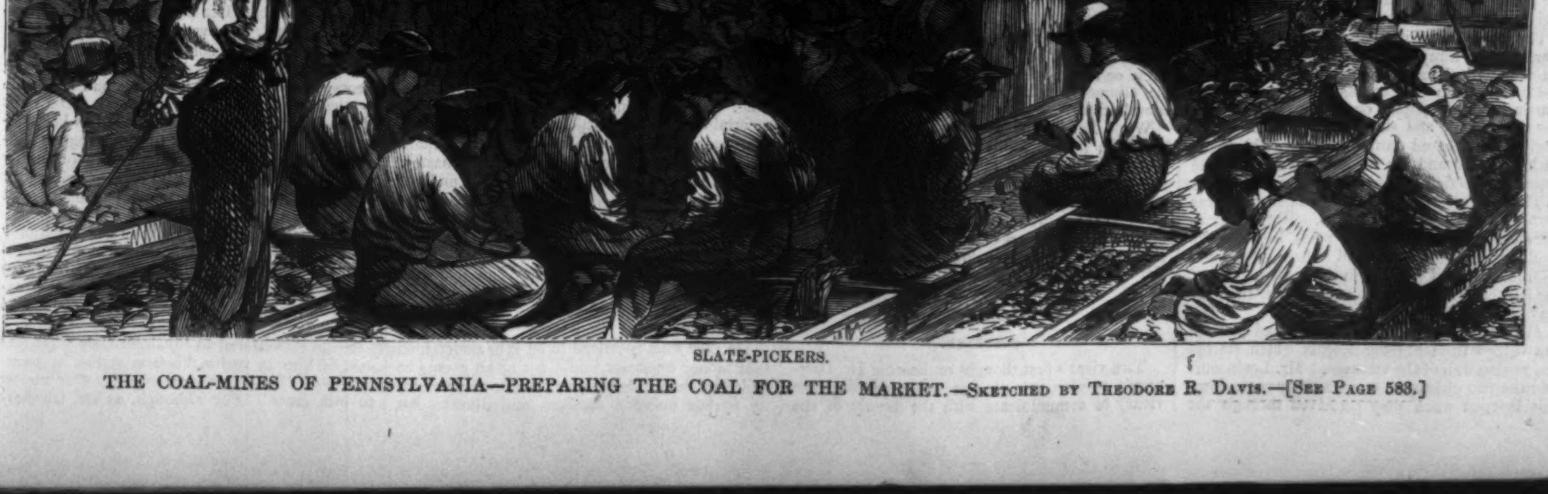
HONEY BROOK BREAKER, No. 2.



DUMPING MINE CARS.



SEPARATING THE DIFFERENT SIZES OF COAL.



SLATE-PICKERS.

THE COAL-MINES OF PENNSYLVANIA—PREPARING THE COAL FOR THE MARKET.—SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 583.]

LALAGE.

I could not keep my secret
 Any longer to myself;
I wrote it in a song-book,
 And laid it on the shelf;
It lay there many an idle day,
 'Twas covered soon with dust:
I graved it on my sword-blade,
 'Twas eaten by the rust:
I told it to the zephyr then,
 He breathed it through the morning,
The light leaves rustled in the breeze,
 My fond romances scorning:
I told it to the running brook,
 With many a lover's notion;
The gay waves laughed it down the stream,
 And flung it in the ocean.
I told it to the raven sage;
 He croaked it to the starling:
I told it to the nightingale;
 He sang it to my darling.

VERONICA.

By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."

In Five Books.—Book I.

CHAPTER V.

AN INVOLUNTARY GUEST.

By this time Mrs. Sheardown had enveloped herself and Bobby in water-proof wrappings. Maud Desmond was waiting, warmly protected by a thick shawl, at the vicar's elbow. Herbert Snowe shut and locked the harmonium. Every one was preparing to depart.

"Veronica!" called the vicar.

Miss Levincourt was still conversing with Mr. Plew.

"Veronica!" repeated her father, impatiently, "are you not coming?"

She turned round at the summons, giving her hand in a farewell grasp to the doctor as she did so.

She was very handsome.

The first thing that struck you on looking at her face was its vivid coloring. Her skin was of a clear, pale, brown tint; and on each smooth cheek there glowed a rich blush like the heart of a June rose. She had large, dark eyes, fringed round with thick lashes, and surmounted by semicircular eyebrows, black as ebony. Her hair was also black, shining, and very abundant. It was disposed in elaborate coils and plaits, which displayed its luxuriance to the full, and was brought down low on the forehead in crisp waves. Her lips were very red and her teeth very white. There were defects in the form of her face. But the brilliant eyes, glancing under their arched brows, so attracted attention to themselves that few observers were dispassionately critical enough to observe that the lower part of the face overbalanced the upper; that the nose was insignificant; the mouth so full as to be almost coarse; and the cheeks and chin so rounded as to threaten to lose all comeliness of outline, and to become heavy in middle life. Now, however, at nineteen years of age, Veronica Levincourt was a very beautiful creature. But there was something in her face which was not so easily analyzed by a casual observer as the form and color of it. There was a dissonance in it somewhere. Most women perceived this. Many men did so also. But they perceived it as a person with a good ear, but ignorant of harmony, perceives a false note in a chord. Something jars: what he knows not. The skilled musician comes and puts his finger on the dissonant note.

When Veronica laughed her whole countenance grew harmonious at once. And herein lay the key to the puzzle.

The habitual expression of her face in repose seemed to contradict the brilliant glow of youth and health which made her so strikingly beautiful. The rich gipsy color, the ripe red lips, the sparkling eyes, the gleaming teeth, seemed made to tell of light-hearted, abounding, girlish happiness. But the expression of Veronica's face when she let it fall into its habitual lines was wistful, sad, sometimes almost sullen.

For the rest, her figure was slight and straight, and she carried herself with an erect and yet easy grace.

"Coming, papa," said she, carelessly. And then she gathered about her shoulders a scarlet cloak with a hood to it.

"You should have had your shepherd's plaid, Veronica," said her father. "That red thing is not nearly warm enough for such an evening as this."

"Oh, it is *so* becoming to Miss Levincourt," said little Miss Turtle, the governess. She and her pupils had been watching Veronica unwinkingly all the afternoon, as their custom was.

The choir of St. Gildas dispersed. The Sheardowns drove away in their little pony-carriage, carrying with them Herbert Snowe, who usually staid with them on Saturday evenings. Miss Turtle took her pupils, one on each arm, and her gray cloak and shabby hat with its black feather disappeared down the lane. The vicar, with his ward and his daughter, walked in the opposite direction toward their home.

The nearest way to the vicarage-house was across St. Gildas's church-yard. But the melted snow lay in death-cold pools between the swelling grave-mounds; and although the lanes afforded no good walking in the present state of the weather, they were yet rather better than the way by the church-yard.

Mention has been made of a by-road through the village from Shipley Magna which skirted the garden wall of the vicarage. Mr. Levincourt and the two girls had not gone many paces down this by-road when they perceived through the fast-gathering dusk a figure, which had evidently been on the watch for them, start and run toward them very swiftly.

"I do believe it is Jemmy Sack!" exclaimed Maud Desmond.

Jemmy Sack it was, who presently came to a sudden stop in front of the vicar, and began a breathless and incoherent speech.

"Dunnot ye be frighted, please, Sir, Joe Dowsett says. They ha'n't a took him into the house, please, Sir. And it's the same un as I seed tumble off afore. On'y this here time he's in a reg'lar swound like. But Joe Dowsett says as ye bain't to be frighted, nor yet the young ladies nayther, please Sir."

Long before the combined cross-examination of the vicar and the young ladies had succeeded in eliciting any explicit statement from Jemmy, they arrived at the garden door, and then the matter to a certain extent explained itself.

A man in a scarlet hunting coat thickly crusted with mud lay on his back in the road beneath the garden wall, and close by a heap of flint stones piled up for the use of the road-menders. On to these he had apparently been flung, for his face was cut, and a thin stream of blood trickled slowly down his forehead.

The prostrate man was totally insensible. His head was supported on the knee of Joe Dowsett, the vicar's gardener, groom, and general factotum, who was endeavoring to pour some brandy down his throat. A carter, in a smock-frock, held a handsome horse by the bridle. Three of the village boys who had been practicing in the school-room stood at a little distance looking on, and two frightened women-servants, with their aprons huddled round their shivering shoulders, peeped nervously from the garden door, and plied Joe Dowsett with shrill questions, of which he took no notice whatever.

A clamor of voices arose as soon as the vicar was perceived: but a few words will suffice to put the reader in possession of the facts of the case. The fallen man was the same gentleman whom Jemmy had seen thrown earlier in the day. The day's sport had terminated at a considerable distance from Shipley Magna. The gentleman was a stranger, had probably missed his way, and gone by roundabout roads. He had evidently at last been making for Shipley Magna, having struck into Bassett's Lane, as the by-road was called. His horse and he were both tired out, and he had begun to feel the effects of his first fall more severely than he had felt them in the heat of the chase and at the beginning of the day. The carter had perceived the gentleman's horse stumble, and at the same instant the boys returning from the school-house had appeared shouting and whooping at the end of the lane. In a moment the gentleman had been pitched heavily off his horse, and had fallen on the heap of flint stones. The carter couldn't say for sure, but he believed that the horse stumbled before the lads startled him. And now what was to be done? This question was put by Joe Dowsett, looking up at his master with the brandy bottle in his hand.

The first thing to be done was to send for a doctor. Mr. Plew would probably not have reached his own home yet. Jemmy Sack was dispatched to fetch him, and set off running at a famous rate, throwing out his long legs, and followed by the other boys, to all of whom the occasion seemed to be one of intense and concentrated ecstasy.

But pending Mr. Plew's arrival, the swooning man could not lie there, with the night falling fast, and a bitter wind blowing from the marshes, that was fit, Joe Dowsett said, to freeze the very marrow in your bones.

There was no other house at hand. The vicarage was a lonely, isolated dwelling. Joe Dowsett and the carter, with a little assistance from Mr. Levincourt, carried the stranger into the house. The women hurried to take from an old oaken press blankets and coverlets for the spare bed. A fire was lighted in the guest's chamber—a room on the ground-floor, looking toward the garden. For that night, at least, the injured man must remain at the vicarage.

Mr. Levincourt was very uneasy, and asked Joe over and over again if he thought it was serious. To which queries Joe invariably replied that it might be or it mightn't, but that for his part he didn't think 't wouldn't be much: an oracular utterance in which his master seemed to find some comfort. Veronica sat at the window, straining eye and ear to catch the first signal of the doctor's coming.

"He's quite old, this poor man, isn't he, papa?" said she, with her face pressed against the glass.

"Old? No. What do you call 'quite old?' It is difficult to judge under the circumstances, but I should say he can't be more than fifty."

"Ah! well—that's what I meant. Here is Mr. Plew at last! I hear his step on the gravel, although I can't see him yet."

Mr. Plew's opinion was not very reassuring. If the patient were not better by to-morrow, he should fear that he could not safely be moved for a day or two. Meanwhile Mr. Plew would like Dr. Gunnery, of Danecester, to be called in, in consultation.

When Dr. Gunnery arrived on the following afternoon he shook his head very gravely, and said that he had no hope of the patient being able to leave his bed for some weeks. Even if—and here Dr. Gunnery lowered his voice, and reversed the movement of his head: nodding it up and down instead of shaking it from side to side—even *if* he pulled through at all!

CHAPTER VI.

SUSPENSE.

The vicar's first thought on hearing Dr. Gunnery's opinion was that it behooved him (the vicar) to communicate with the family of the stranger whom Fate had thrown—literally thrown—into the midst of the quiet household at the vicarage. As it was, they could hardly have known less about him had he dropped among them from the moon, instead of from the back of a startled horse.

But for many hours the injured man was incapable of communicating with his host. Fever set in. He became delirious at intervals. And on no account must he be disturbed or annoyed by questions. Dr. Gunnery confirmed Mr. Plew's first statement, that no irreparable injury had been done to the stranger by his fall.

"But," said he, "he is a bad subject. If we had a young constitution, or even a sound constitution for his years, to deal with the whole affair would be a mere trifle. But in this case it is very different."

"Very different, indeed," assented Mr. Plew.

"No stamina," continued the Danecester physician. "The whole machine is in a worn-out condition—constitution gone to the deuce."

"To the—ahem! quite so!" assented Mr. Plew, again.

"Then, Dr. Gunnery," said Mr. Levincourt, nervously, "do you mean to say that he is in danger? Dear me, this is dreadful! Really dreadful!"

But to so direct a question Dr. Gunnery could, or would, give no direct reply. He merely repeated that, in his opinion, Mr. Levincourt ought to lose no time in communicating with the sick man's family. And then, saying that he would return the day after to-morrow, and that meanwhile the patient could not possibly be in better hands than those of Mr. Plew, the great Danecester doctor drove away.

Beyond the facts that had come under his own eyes, the vicar knew but two circumstances regarding his involuntary guest. The first circumstance was that he had been staying at the Crown, in Shipley Magna; the second was that Lord George Segrave was said to be a friend of his.

Mr. Levincourt dispatched a note to Lord George, and ordered Joe Dowsett (to whom the note was intrusted) to ride on from Hammick Lodge to Shipley Magna, and tell the people at the Crown what had happened.

From Hammick Lodge, Joe Dowsett brought back a very polite note.

It appeared that the acquaintance between Lord George Segrave and the stranger was of the slightest possible kind. They had met in Rome one season, and had hunted side by side on the Campagna. Lord George knew nothing whatever of the gentleman's family. His name was Gale, Sir John Gale. Lord George was deeply distressed that the vicar of Shipley and his family should be so seriously inconvenienced by this accident. At the same time he could hardly regret, on Sir John Gale's account, that the latter should have fallen into such hands. Lord George would do himself the honor of calling at Shipley vicarage, and, meanwhile, he begged to know if there were any way in which he could be of service, either to Mr. Levincourt or to the invalid, under these painful circumstances.

This note, although extremely civil, left matters pretty much as they had been before. But from the Crown Inn Joe Dowsett brought back something more tangible and unexpected.

He brought back, that is to say, Sir John Gale's foreign servant, who announced himself as "Paul," and who immediately took upon himself all the duties of waiting on the sick man.

"If you will permit, Sir," said Paul, in very good English, "I will have a mattress laid by the side of my master's bed for a few nights. When Sir John gets better, and needs not to have me all night, I shall find to sleep at the village. There is a small cabaret there, as I have informed myself."

The arrival of this man, which was at first looked upon with dismay by the inmates of the vicarage, proved before long to be an inestimable comfort and relief.

In the first place, he eased the vicar's mind by taking upon himself the responsibility of communicating with Sir John's friends. Or rather he proved that no such responsibility existed. Sir John had, Paul declared, no relatives. He had neither wife nor child, brother nor sister, uncle nor cousin. He had lived a good deal abroad. Paul had not been with Sir John in England before this winter. He would write to Sir John's agent and man of business. That was all that would be necessary.

Mr. Levincourt, never unwilling to shift responsibility on to the shoulders of others, told Paul that he must do as he thought best. There was something in the grave, steady aspect of the little man that inspired confidence. Then Paul took upon himself the whole business of the sick-room. He waited by day, and watched by night. He administered the medicines. He reported progress to the doctors with an intelligence and accuracy which won those gentlemen's good opinion very soon. He relieved the vicar's servants of all trouble as regarded Sir John Gale. He even went into the kitchen, and, with a certain grave tact which characterized him, won over old Joanna to allow him to prepare sundry articles of invalid diet for his master. He was always at hand when wanted, and yet entirely unobtrusive. He was never tired, never sleepy, never sulky, never indiscreet.

In a word, before many days of his sojourn at the vicarage had passed over, the whole household began to wonder how they had managed to get through the few hours that had intervened between the accident and the arrival of the admirable Paul.

He very soon contrived to let it be understood that money expenses would not at all events be added to the burden thrown on the vicar's family by his master's accident and illness. Sir John was rich: very rich. No expense need be spared. If, even, it were deemed necessary to send to London for additional medical assistance, they need not hesitate to do so. This, however, did not appear to be desirable. And as soon as Sir John was enabled to understand his own condition he expressed himself entirely satisfied with the skill and care of the doctors who were attending him.

Lord George Segrave fulfilled his promise of calling. Lord George was a bachelor. He was a great sportsman, and some folks said that he was too fond of other pursuits which persons holding strict views could not approve. Lord George was well known on the turf; and in his youthful days had been a patron of the Prize Ring. Without belonging to the category of those whose lives were openly scandalous, he yet was a man whose acquaintance could by no means be taken to be a certificate of good character.

Retired as was Mr. Levincourt's life at Shipley-in-the-Wold, he yet knew this much of the present occupant of Hammick Lodge, and the knowledge had not served to make Sir John Gale's enforced presence beneath his own roof the more agreeable to him.

But Lord George Segrave soon made it apparent that his acquaintance with Sir John was really and truly no closer than he had stated in his note. It need scarcely be said that Lord George had no idea what a signal service he was rendering to the invalid in his host's opinion by disclaiming any thing like intimacy with the former.

Lord George was rather good-natured, and extremely selfish, and he desired that it should be at once clearly understood that, while he was willing to send his servants scouring the country on any errand for Sir John that the vicar might suggest, he (Lord George) by no means intended to put himself to the personal inconvenience of making frequent visits of inquiry at the vicarage.

"Pray, command me, Mr. Levincourt," he said, as he took his leave, "in any way. I quite feel what an uncommon bore this business must be for you. Though, as I said before, Gale may think himself in luck that he didn't get spilt on any other heap of flint stones than the one at your door. I'm sure I hope he'll pull through, and all that sort of thing. You know I had only just a kind of bowing acquaintance with him in Rome. And then he hailed me on the hunting-field at Stubbs's Corner the other day, you know, and—and that sort of thing. Hammick Lodge is twelve miles from Shipley as the crow flies, you know, and—and so I'm afraid I sha'n't be able to look him up myself very often, you know. But I hope you will do me the favor to command me if there's any thing in the world my fellows can do, or—or that sort of thing."

And then Lord George Segrave departed, feeling that he had done all that could reasonably be expected of him.

Dr. Gunnery came again and again. And Mr. Plew was unremitting in his attentions.

The house, always quiet, was now hushed into stillness. The piano remained closed. Joe Dowsett ceased to whistle as he worked in the garden. The servants stole up to bed past the door of the guest-room, making every board of the staircase creak under their elaborately cautious footfall. Paul's noiseless step glided through the passages, and he came on you like a ghost.

Riot and merriment are contagious. So are silence and the hush of suspense. But though the vicarage was stiller than it was wont to be, it was less dull. All the household was conscious of a suppressed excitement, which was merely stirring, and did not reach to pain. Every day, every hour of the day, presented a question whose answer was deferred—Will he live or die? And on the answer to this question hung no agonized human heart—none, at least, within that house.

Was there any where a breast fluttered by hopes, oppressed by fears, for the sick man who lay feverish and uneasy on the stranger's bed in Shipley vicarage?

No letters came for him. No friends inquired.

He was discussed in the vicarage kitchen, and in other kitchens in the neighborhood. He was discussed in the village ale-house, in the farm-houses, in the tap-room and the stables of the Crown at Shipley Magna. He was spoken of, once or twice, at the different meets of the West Daneshire hunt. Lord George Segrave mentioned that he believed Gale was going on all right, you know, and that sort of thing. That was a niceish nag of his, not the one he had been riding when he was thrown, you know; no, that little chestnut. Lord George wouldn't mind having him. He wondered what the figure would be. If Gale's horses were still at the Crown he had a good mind to go over and have another look at the chestnut, and to ask Gale's groom whether he thought his master would sell him. He supposed that Gale had had enough of hunting in England. He was dooced sorry for him, you know, and that sort of thing, but what the —— could he expect? With that seat he (Lord George) only wondered how Gale had been able to stick on his saddle five minutes! And most of the field wondered too. For it has been observed that of all the trials to which human candor, modesty, and magnanimity are ordinarily apt to be subjected, the trial of comparing your own riding with another man's is the one that most frequently develops mortal frailty.

There was probably not a man who habitually hunted with the West Daneshire who did not secretly nourish the conviction that his own seat on horseback was admirable, and that the majority of his friends and acquaintances rode like tailors!

Little it mattered to Sir John Gale what was said of him in parlor, kitchen, stable, or hunting-field. Little, perhaps, would it ever matter to him more. For although, as Dr. Gunnery had said, the absolute injuries resulting from the accident were trifling, and to a young and vigorous constitution would have been matters of small importance, yet in this case there seemed to be no elasticity or power of rebound in the sick man's frame. A low fever took hold of him: a dreadful insidious fever, that might be figured as a weird phantom, invisible to the eyes of men, but with two bony, cruel hands, whose touch was terrible. Of these hands one was cold as ice; the other burning, like the heart of a furnace. Alternately the viewless fingers stroked the sick man's body, drawing long shuddering thrills through every limb, or clutched him with a lingering gripe that made his very heart sick. Now he was consumed with scorching heat; anon he shivered to the marrow of his bones.

Mr. Plew did not trouble his brain—or perhaps it were better to say his brain was not troubled; seeing that such fancies come to a man, or stay away from him, without any conscious exercise of his will—with any fantastic embodiment of a Fever Phantom. But he reported day after day that Sir John was in a nasty low way—a *ve-ry na-asty*, low way—and that he couldn't get him to rally.

"Do you think he is troubled in his mind?" asked Mr. Levincourt. "Is his heart ill at ease? He is perfectly conscious now; and, I think, clear-headed enough to give orders. And yet Paul tells me that his master has entirely approved what has been done, and what has been left undone. He desires to see no one; has received no letters—except, as Paul tells me, one from his agent sent to the Post-office at Shipley Magna—and, in short, appears to be singularly isolated in the world, for a man of his wealth and position. I should fear his life has not been a very happy one."

"Well," said Mr. Plew, musingly, "I don't know, of course. But—but he doesn't seem to me to be at all that sort of man."

Mr. Plew's statement was vague enough; and the vicar did not care to be at the pains of probing the little surgeon's meaning. Yet the latter had a meaning, although he would have found it difficult to put it into clear words.

His meaning was this; that from his observation of Sir John Gale he had, half-instinctively, drawn the conclusion that his rich patient was not a man to allow sentimental troubles to prey on him.

Wounded love, tender regrets, affectionate yearnings after a lost friendship, or a longing for softer tendance and closer companionship than could be had from servants and strangers, did not seem to Mr. Plew likely to enter into the category of drawbacks to Sir John's recovery.

Material comforts, nay luxuries, he did not lack. As to sentiment—Mr. Plew of course had encountered ailments arising from purely spiritual causes. Very troublesome ailments they were, and very inefficacious proved the power of physic to cure them. He remembered a saying of an old clergyman who had been a famous preacher in the days when Benjamin Plew was walking the hospitals in London. The saying was to the effect that the bodily health of half the world would be marvelously improved if a mechanical, cunningly contrived piece of granite could be substituted for a heart of flesh in the human breast. "We might defy the doctors then," said this old clergyman, "and—life would not be worth having!" But of Sir John Gale, neither Mr. Plew nor the reader as yet knows enough to enable him to judge whether the baronet's heart be of flesh or of stone.

A fortnight passed; three weeks; a month had nearly dragged itself away since the accident, when the doctors pronounced that Sir John was somewhat stronger.

The phantom hands, the hand of fire and the hand of ice, slowly relinquished their prey. By degrees the intervals between their alternate touches grew wider. At last they ceased. Danger was over; and from the beginning of March the invalid began slowly, but surely, to mend.

COAL-MINING AND THE COAL MARKET.

LUZERNE, Carbon, Schuylkill, Columbia, Northumberland, and Dalton counties comprise the anthracite region of Pennsylvania, and, so far as has been discovered, this is the anthracite coal-field of the United States. Previous to 1860 the price of coal from these mines did not average, at wholesale, $5 per ton, if we except the year 1855, when the price rose to $5 40 per ton, by the cargo, which, at that time, was an unprecedentedly high figure. During the present month (August) stove coal is quoted, in New York, at $8 50 per ton, the consumer paying a very considerable advance upon this price before it is lodged in his cellar.

The Honey Brook Mines are located at a point where the counties of Carbon, Luzerne, and Schuylkill meet, this point being the highest in Pennsylvania, if we except the treaty ridge a mile distant, which is 50 feet higher. The coal mined here is of excellent quality, and the mines may be regarded as fair specimens of the best style. They are managed closely by men of experience and excellent judgment. The names of four hundred men and one hundred and twenty boys are on their pay rolls. With this force a thousand tons of coal per day can be mined, prepared, and shipped, when the mines are worked up to their full capacity.

It would seem best to describe a visit to the mines by showing the coal first in its native state, and then following it from the "basin" to the car in which it is shipped to market. Accompanied by the superintendent and the mining engineer, we step into a coal car and are lowered down an inclined plane of 35° for a distance of 1500 feet, when we are at the bottom of the "basin," where but for the flaring lamps attached to the miners' hats the darkness would be impenetrable. There is activity every where: loaded cars going up, emptied ones descending, and cars moving hither and yon, drawn by quick-stepping mules; miners and laborers hastening to and fro; the boom and reverberation of the "shots" that are displacing coal, the quick clip of the miner's drill, and the thud of his pick; and above all this the cries of the miner who has lighted his match and is fleeing to a place of safety, crying fire! fire! to warn those near of the danger. It takes but a few moments to become used to these noises, and as you trudge along in the darkness you grow aware of the perfect system that prevails. On all sides the miners are at work drilling with their sharp crow-bars, or ramming home the powder which is to blast out tons of coal if the charge has been "well placed."

At another point is the miner arranging his cartridge of brown paper, the edges of which he soaps to keep the powder dry after the charge is placed. His mining chest has a keg of powder in it, with oil, wick, tools, fuses, and blasting barrels, not to mention various other articles necessary to his operations. Near at hand you see the miners at work in a great cave leading from the gangway in which the tracks are laid for the transit of the coal cars which are being quickly loaded by the miners' laborers. During your peregrinations you will visit the stables—caves cut out of the solid coal—and finally, after a long walk, will reach the slope where the coal cars are ascending and descending, and the same bustle is going on that you noted on your first arrival from above. Jumping into a coal car, up you go again to the dazzling glare of daylight. Possibly you smile at the swarthy countenance of Mr. HOPKINS, the superintendent, as you do at your own when you reach the hotel.

"The breaker," as the huge wooden structure in which the coals are prepared for market is designated, is better described by the illustration than is possible by the pen. To the top of the breaker you make your way by means of stairs much worn by the tread of many feet; and here you may see the cars arriving from the mine hundreds of feet below, drawn up by means of a stationary engine and windlass. The cars are dumped by mechanical means, and the coal commences its descent toward its market. Before the car starts on its return to the mine a wooden tag is removed, and hung upon a nail corresponding in number to that on the tag. This is the miner's mark, and the number collected indicates that of car-loads of coal sent up with the miner's name.

The coal dumped from the car passes down an inclined plane, which at one point has a flooring of iron bars placed a sufficient distance apart to permit quite large lumps to drop through; the rest passes on down the slope to the cars which are to convey it to market. Such lumps as may be deemed too large are broken with hammers in the hands of men who are stationed at a point just below the bars, and at this place the incline is less precipitous.

The smaller lumps—those which have dropped through the bars—pass into a huge cylinder, in which revolve great iron plates; and this is, properly speaking, the breaker. From thence the coal passes into a cylindrical screen, which is placed at an inclination of about ten degrees, and revolves slowly through this affair. The coal is passed and washed, different sizes of coal falling through the apertures of the screen into inclined troughs beneath. It is there that the coal is handled, nearly every piece being inspected by the smutty young blackbirds that perch on the sides of the slides of the wooden boxes through which the coal descends. You will see the urchins throw away what you take to be coal. This is simply slate, and these are the slate-pickers, who are throwing away about one ton of slate to every ten of coal that passes them. This is a loss to the mine owner, or operator, but not to the miner.

From this place we proceeded to the office of the superintendent, who placed his books at our disposal for inspection, and volunteered any information that might be asked for. After careful examination it seems to us that the average cost to the miner for each car of coal brought out of the mine is 43 cents. This includes powder, oil, wick, tool-sharpening, and the cost of the laborer, and must be deducted from the $1 18 which is received by the miner for each car-load of coal.

It would seem from figures shown upon examination to be correct, that upon every ton of coal sold at present at Elizabethport for $5 there is a loss of a trifle over fifty cents to be sustained by the party who is designated as the coal operator. At $6 per ton there is a profit; but this is cut down considerably by an arrangement known at present as the basis of agreement between the miners and the operators.

The paper reads as follows, and does not materially differ from the accepted basis throughout the anthracite region:

COPY.

AUDENRIED, *July 2, 1869.*

Articles of Agreement made this day, July 2, 1869, between Honey Brook Coal Company and the Workingmen's Benevolent Association of Audenried.

It is hereby understood and agreed, that whenever the average price of coal at Elizabethport advances beyond $5 per ton, then the pay per ton shall be advanced to the extent of 12½ per cent. on the dollar of all such advance of price over and above any advance that may have taken place during the month in transportation beyond 1½ cents per ton per mile; and in the same way, when the average price of coal at the above-named point falls again, then a proportionate reduction per ton shall be made.

It is hereby understood that $5 per ton for coal at Elizabethport, and 59 cents per ton, or $1 18 per drift car, lowest price. Miners, per week, $16. Inside labor, $14 per week. Platform men, $12 30. Ordinary outside labor, $11 30. Dockage only in extreme cases—the ticket boss to be the only judge. Yardage for Whinton vein North Pitch, $9 per yard (all other wages in proportion), and shall at all times be considered the minimum price at which operations shall be continued. Below that price, all running, preparing, and shipping of coal shall be stopped.

The published rates of Lehigh coal dealers in New York to be rated as the standard of prices.

No interference with the employ or discharge of men or management of the colliery to be allowed—it being understood that no person is to be discharged for the sole reason of his being a member of the Association.

HONEY BROOK COAL CO.,
Per W. H. HOPKINS, *Sup't.*

W. E. BEVAN,
GEORGE ROBERTSON,
DENNIS BYRNE,
JAMES CASTLES,
HUGH JONES,
} Committee of W. B. Ass'n.

In conversation with the miners they state the case thus: "It seemed to us that the operators arranged things so that when the price of coal was up we could work at fair wages; if coal dropped, our wages fell to such an extent that we felt obliged to stop work, and that was a strike. We proposed to meet the operators and arrange a basis upon which we could work regularly. The operators did not choose to accede to our proposition; therefore we made the basis above given. We permit no miner to send out of the mine more than six car-loads (12 tons) per day, though he may mine as much as he chooses. By this arrangement we expect to keep up a steady supply of coal without bringing on the 'glut' in the market that has heretofore occasioned our strikes. Each miner must pay his own laborer, and we expect all inside men to join us. Our Union was established in 1868, about the time of the eight-hour movement, and thus far, with 30,000 members, we consider it a success."

The miners employed in the Honey Brook mines are principally Welsh, and the community is as peaceful a one as can be found. There is neither lawyer nor justice of the peace within three miles, and the jail has not been in use for a year. A tolerably comfortable house is to be rented for six dollars per month, and besides this a ton of coal per month is furnished by the company. Nearly every family keeps a cow, which grazes in any pasture the owner may select. Married men pay 75 cents, and single men 50 cents per month to the resident surgeon, who for this attends to all cases of sickness, furnishing his own medicines and surgical supplies. The wages paid are $15 for bottom-men and bankmen; $14 for laborers; $12 50 for drivers; $8 for boys; $6 for door-boys; and $4 for slate-pickers.

The best men among the operators aver that they would greatly prefer to have coal fall to $6 per ton at Elizabethport and remain stationary. The retail dealers say that people do not pay cash for coal, therefore they charge a sufficient price to secure a fair interest on their money. And, speaking of interest, it is a well-known fact that there is no business that necessitates so large an amount of ready capital as the coal business. The men are paid once a month. The railroad freights are cash, as are also the canal tolls and other expenses. In former years the miner was content to work for $9 per week, and the laborer for $6. Coal was cheap then. Will it be so again? Every one is holding off for a fall in price. The operators do not bring it forward for the reason that there is no sale, and they can not afford to pay freight and storage. They say that when the rush does come that coal will be higher than in the memorable year 1865. Railroad freights are fully $1 per ton higher than in 1868, and canal tolls in the same proportion. Experienced operators say that the consumption of coal will be less by a million of tons than it was during 1868.

The total amount of coal mined in the United States in 1868 was 28,048,410 tons. Nova Scotia and Cape Breton could produce (they do not, however) 800,000 tons per annum, and that small supply could be sold "along side" in New York, duty off, for a trifle over five dollars per ton. This would be a small quantity to be sure, but it would bring back some of the trade that went hence upon the abrogation of the treaty three years since, and which has not returned.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE National Association of Wool Manufacturers and Wool Growers design to hold a joint Exposition in this city, under the auspices of the American Institute. The Skating Rink, corner of Sixty-third Street and Third Avenue, is now open for the reception of machinery. The Exposition will be open to the public on the 8th instant. All American manufacturers of goods composed wholly or in part of wool, and of supplies, machinery and tools used directly in the wool manufacture, are invited to exhibit samples of their manufactures.

The Isle of Wight *Times*, published at Ryde, gives a full account of the recent fatal accident which caused the death of Mr. Cornelius Grinnell. It appears that Mr. Grinnell had just been admitted a member of the Ryde Victoria Yacht Club; and after dining with the Club returned with two friends to his lodgings. He had been making arrangements to provide sleeping accommodation for his friends, when one of them left the room and went down stairs. Mr. Grinnell, fearing he was going to look for another room, said to the gentleman with him: "I will step out on the balcony and speak to him; and drawing up the Venetian blinds, he threw open the window and stepped out. There was, however, no balcony there; and the unfortunate gentleman fell to the ground, a distance of over 20 feet, and was instantly killed.

Leaping from railroad trains when they are going at lightning speed is a species of gymnastics not yet in common use. But the other day the conductor of a train near Memphis, Tennessee, forgot to leave a negro woman at her stopping-place. He was first conscious of his neglect on seeing the woman rushing through the car, and when she reached the platform she jumped off without further ceremony. The horrified conductor stopped the train, and backed up to the place where it was expected the mangled remains of the unfortunate female would be found. It was all a mistake, however. The "remains" were not mangled at all. She was stunned a little, and there was an awful dent in the ground where she jumped; but no further damage appeared. She was soon "all right," and was able to walk off as if nothing had happened.

Families in Lawrence, Massachusetts, do not appear to be particularly small. A policeman in that city lately found a two-year old child on a door-step at two o'clock in the morning, crying because he could not get into the house to go to bed. The parents had neglected to count their brood when they retired, and the little fellow had been overlooked.

Science has at last achieved a wondrous success in producing a knife which cuts so rapidly that the person operated upon feels no pain! The inventor was anxious to try an experiment upon his own body, but was prevented by the breakage of the instrument.

Gossip, in the city and at the sea-shore, on the mountains and at the springs, has centred on the recent marriage of Commodore Vanderbilt. The lady, a daughter of the late Robert L. Crawford, of Mobile, Alabama, is said to be about thirty years of age, while the Commodore is seventy-three, though his years rest lightly upon him, and he appears as well preserved as many men of fifty. The acquaintance began—so says report—at Saratoga Springs; and very naturally the bridal party turned their faces Saratogaward immediately after the marriage ceremony.

Oil is not well adapted to swimming purposes. A workman, employed in an oil manufactory at Nice, fell into a tank of olive-oil nine feet deep. He was an expert swimmer, but the oil did not afford resistance enough to keep him afloat, and he sank to the bottom at once, and was only saved from drowning by the timely aid of a comrade.

Once in a while there is a woman who can by no means be called the "weaker vessel." The exploits of one young New York*ess* are thus stated, and indicate muscle and endurance: She went to the theatre and two parties in one evening, and carried on three flirtations at each. The next day she refused three offers of marriage, accepted two, and broke off three previous engagements, read four novels, wrote two letters and one hundred notes of invitation, practiced her music lesson, made herself a new waterfall, ate breakfast, lunch, and dinner, took a walk on Fifth Avenue, bought two pounds of French candy and ate it, rode to the Central Park with one of her lovers, and walked home with the other.

A remarkable case is reported from Lancaster, Pennsylvania. A Mr. Herr, aged about sixty, has not had half an hour's continuous sleep for four years. The extraordinary wakefulness which afflicts him came on after many weeks of watching at the bedside of a sick daughter, and a long illness of his own which followed, preventing natural sleep for three or four months. Since then Mr. Herr has failed to obtain rest from sleep. Opiates, which have been prescribed by physicians, have no effect upon him, even when taken in large doses. His health suffers greatly, and he is now unable to perform any kind of physical labor.

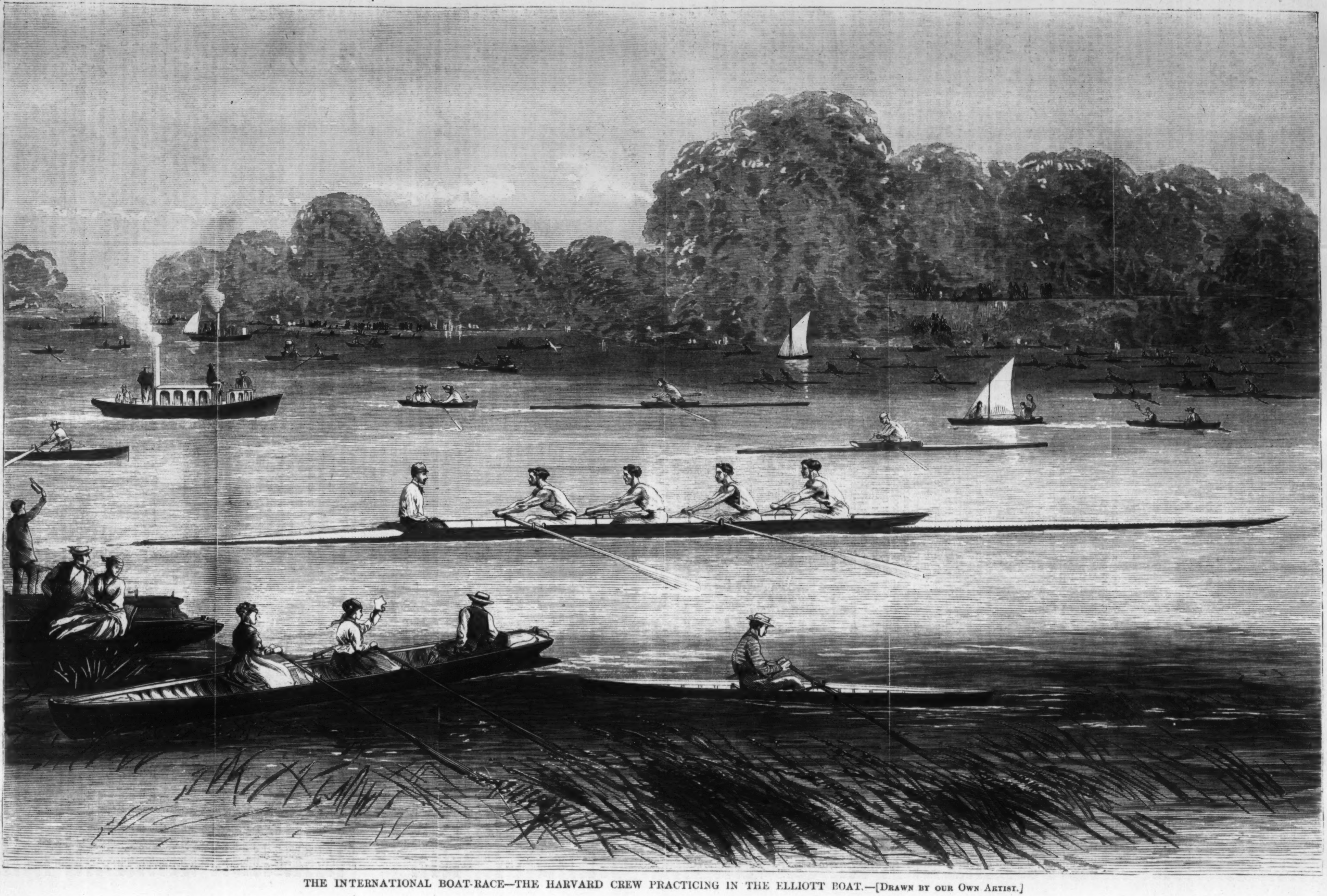
Two gentlemen, who were recently riding in the Boston city cars, entered into a discussion on Woman Suffrage. One was a lawyer, the other a physician. Said the lawyer: "Would you wish your wife to mix with low, rude men, in public; to witness all the drunken coarseness and low ribaldry of town-meeting day; would you not be ashamed of her in such a place?" "I should be ashamed of the men," was the doctor's quick reply.

A friend who visited the Catskill Mountains a few weeks ago related to us the following characteristic incident, which came under his personal observation: While the stage-coach was slowly wending its way up toward the Mountain House one of the inside passengers—a young man whose general appearance indicated that he *should* have known the usages of good society—lighted a cigar and began to smoke. "You are not going to smoke *here*, with ladies inside?" demanded a gentleman. "Well, yes," responded the youth, languidly, "I generally smoke whenever I get a chance;" and he continued puffing. Presently the gentleman who had spoken called for the driver to stop. "Now, young man," said he, "I'll give you just one minute to get out!" The youthful smoker looked his opponent in the eye, saw he had found his match, and silently got out and climbed to an outside seat. Next morning the gentleman met the young man on the piazza of the hotel, and, after pleasantly saluting him, remarked: "I see from the book that you are from Philadelphia." "Yes, Sir," responded the youth, evidently desirous the interview of the previous evening should not be recalled. "And do you expect to go through New York on your way back?" "Yes, Sir," again was the reply. "Well, young man," continued the gentleman, "from what I have seen of you, I think you will get into trouble in New York, and you may like to call upon me, so I will give you my card;" whereupon he handed him a bit of pasteboard, on which was the name of John A. Kennedy, Superintendent of the Metropolitan Board of Police!

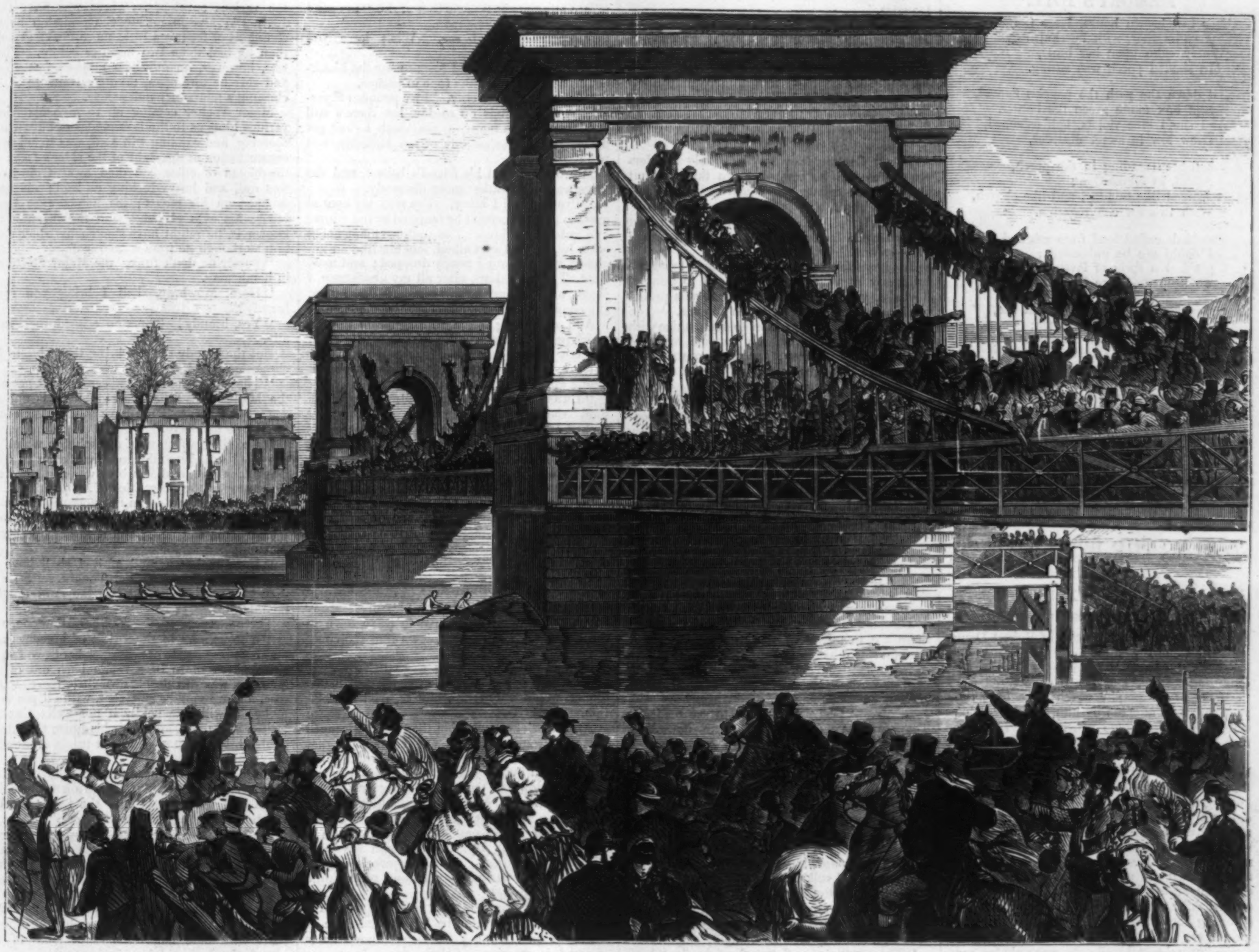
A melancholy little incident is related of the ex-Empress Charlotte. This unfortunate Princess has been staying for some time at Spa. The other day she insisted with such vehemence on playing at roulette that it was impossible to restrain her. On approaching the table she deliberately placed a gold piece on the number 19. The Emperor Maximilian was shot on June 19. The wheel turned, and, though thirty-seven chances were against her, she won. She smiled sadly, took up the money, and quietly left the room. On her way out a poor man passed by. She gave him all the money, with the injunction that he was to "pray for him." It is known that the Empress Charlotte never pronounces the name of Maximilian.

Another new invention from France. What can be more convenient than a handsome little table churn, by means of which persons may make their butter at the table while breakfast is going on? It takes but three minutes' time, and the machine is gorgeous with cut glass and silver.

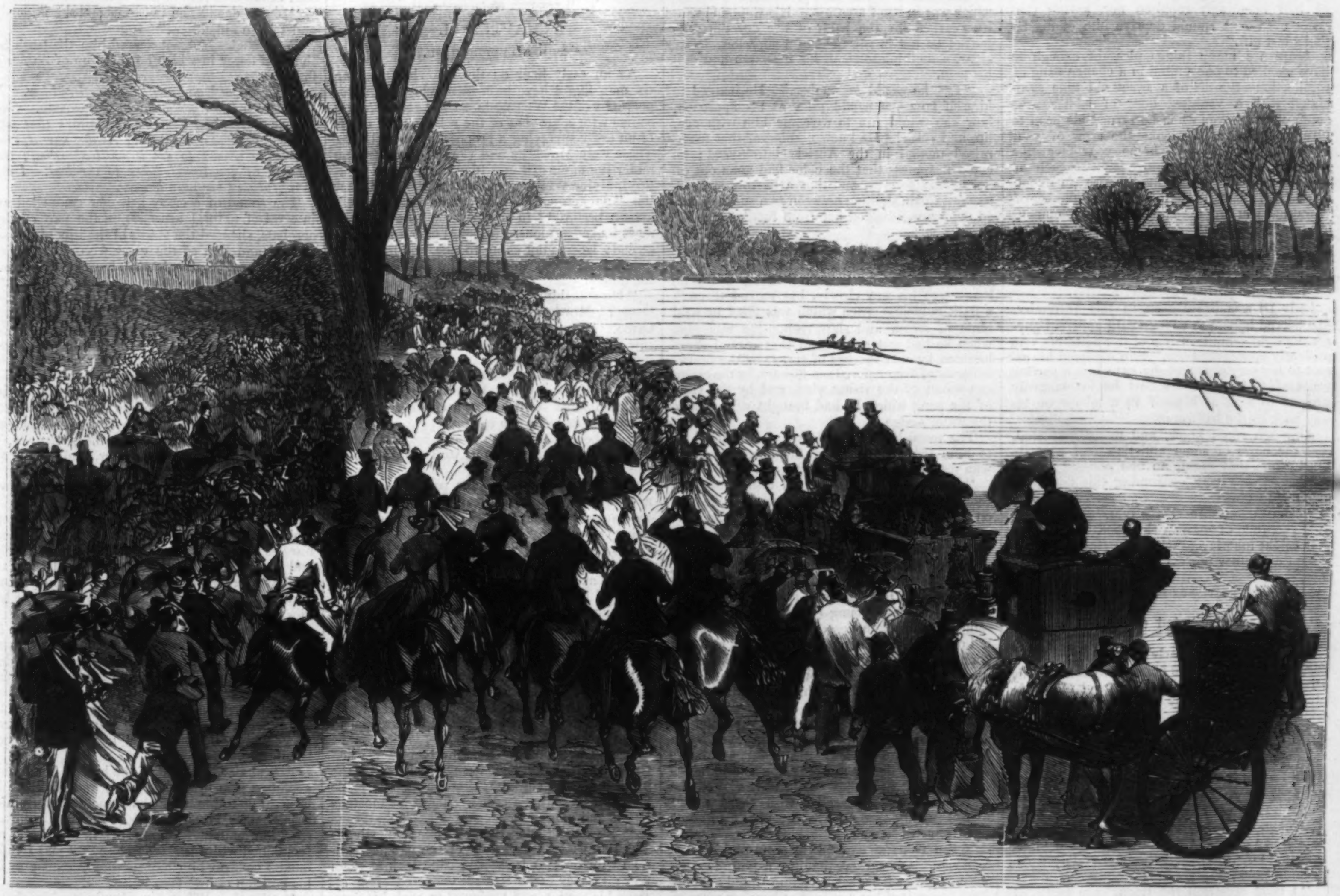
English papers report that a change has come over the Princess de Metternich. Once she courted popularity; now she seems annoyed when her name is mentioned in the papers. The invitations to her entertainments are quietly given, and the number is restricted more than formerly. The Princess has even changed the color of her carriages; instead of being yellow picked out with black—ever the most conspicuous in the Bois de Boulogne—they are now black picked out with yellow: but this change of color does not prevent them from ranking among the handsomest equipages of the city. Likewise the Princess has entirely changed the style of her toilets, and now appears in all the simplicity of a school-girl.



THE INTERNATIONAL BOAT-RACE—THE HARVARD CREW PRACTICING IN THE ELLIOTT BOAT.—[Drawn by our Own Artist.]



THE INTERNATIONAL BOAT-RACE—HARVARD LEADING, AT HAMMERSMITH BRIDGE.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]



THE INTERNATIONAL BOAT-RACE—OPPOSITE CHISWICK, OXFORD LEADING.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]

R5

MEMORY'S IDYL.

The low brown house, I see it now;
Grandmother, with her knitting,
A holy calm upon her brow,
In shaded porch was sitting.

All down the path the poppies flamed,
Stiff box made green the border,
And small blue violets, half ashamed,
Grew low in sweet disorder.

I had been reading in the porch,
Aloud, in Revelation;
It seemed like Sunday, and like church,
With two for congregation.

The birds called loud from ash and fir—
I could not be unheeding;
I plucked a sprig of lavender,
To keep the place in reading.

I wandered down by balm and rue,
And clumps of China-aster;
I thought—well, Jack, I thought of you,
With heart-beats somewhat faster.

Do you remember how the vine
Grew close o'er all the arbor?
It was a favorite haunt of mine,
A dear secluded harbor.

So in I strolled, and there *you* were,
In all a dreamer's glory!
Ah, you remember? Tell it, Sir!
Ay, dear, *you* end the story.

SO RUNS THE WORLD AWAY.

CHAPTER XLIX.

A STRICKEN CONSCIENCE.

LADY DIANA read the letter of Robert Douglas with a look of strange perturbation in her face. In this letter, written under the influence of strong feeling, Douglas had departed from the form of caligraphy which for a long time past had been adopted by him, and these characters resembled some which Lady Diana remembered to have seen many years ago.

As she held the letter under the lamp, that she might discern the words more clearly, a throb of fear came to her heart, and the fingers holding the paper trembled exceedingly. Doubt did not strengthen into conviction until she turned over the letter mechanically and caught sight of the seal on the envelope. For a moment or so her eyes stared at it with painful intensity; then she moved quickly toward an alcove and seated herself on a sofa, for her feet seemed failing her, and she felt a proud horror of letting her suffering be even guessed at by the spectators.

She knew the seal well; she was only too sure she did. She had a keen memory for trifles, and she remembered how, when, in the first sweet hours of their wedded life, she tried to wile his signet-ring from her husband's finger, he had laughingly repulsed her, saying that "not even Ana should deprive him of his father's last gift."

There are many things pleasant enough to have recalled to one's mind in a chance pang of recollection—the air of a sweet old tune associated with a vanished hour of jubilee—the smile of your lover when he turned his head to give you that parting look—the crow of your babe when it welcomed home your face—the last words of your first love-letter;—each of these reminiscences is fraught with an exquisite delight; but to believe for a long number of years that you are eternally free of the companionship of one whom you had feared rather than loved—to be seized by a fearful suspicion that the unloved dead are not, in fact, supine in death's helplessness, but live—live to judge, to condemn, and perhaps avenge!

Lady Di was brave even in this extremity. She nerved herself to answer with apparent gayety the light remark of one of her admirers who presently approached her. She accepted his escort to her carriage, and she gave him a parting smile of such sweetness that he involuntarily stopped to look at himself in a mirror on his way back to the ball-room.

Although some knew, and many suspected, that the news of some affliction had come to Lord Orme that night, no one guessed what a terrible anxiety was consuming this fair, gay-mannered woman.

"I must make sure—*make sure*," she iterated, in the solitude of her own chamber. "Another man might inherit and wear that ring; but how should any other possess *his* trick of handwriting?"

She sighed heavily as she dragged herself toward her bed.

"I have a great mind to say my prayers," she said, ruefully.

Habits enforced in early youth frequently recur, after long disuse, in hours of trouble. Lady Diana had been taught by her good old nurse always to pray fervently when any affliction impended over the household, that it might be averted.

She could not sleep. The pillow might have been bristling with spikes for all the comfort she could find in it. In repose the dread seemed to grow stronger, the fear bigger. With a groan, she arose from her bed, and paced up and down the room. She caught sight of a dim, ghastly face as she passed by her mirror, and shuddered to think how soon such wearing anxiety would make her old and ugly.

"I *must* ascertain the truth," she muttered. "Suspense is the worst phase of sorrow. To-morrow—or rather to-day, for those wrangling church clocks are all chiming five together—I will go down to Auriel, and see this Robert Douglas."

There was something Roman and heroic in her, after all. She preferred to invoke her own fate to waiting for the creeping progress of Atropos's scissors.

CHAPTER L.

MOWBRAY.

WHEN Captain Mowbray left Lady Di Merton's presence, he walked down the stairs at Orme House feeling very much as if some one had dealt him a blow in the face.

"Idiot! fool that I was ever to dream that woman could have even an interval of veracity! D——n her!"

His heart felt very sore as he looked up at the brilliantly lit windows, and imaged to himself how she, who caused his grievance, was probably breathing more freely in his absence.

I do not expect the reader to sympathize with his pain; in novels we only condole with the sorrows of the virtuous; but the sorrows of the vicious are none the less acute for the absence of commendable motive.

Thurstan had simply *forgotten* his beautiful young wife during the fluctuations of his hopes and doubts concerning the evil-hearted siren who had wiled him away from the thought of Azalea.

He felt additional bitterness when he reflected on that useless journey to Paris. "So expensive, too, and one can't get railway tickets on credit," he growled. To do him justice he would not have grudged his last sovereign (pennies do not enter into the calculations of spendthrifts) to secure him the woman he longed for, but the most extravagant do not like to feel that they have thrown their money aimlessly at a phantom target.

Thurstan did not go back to barracks at once; there are moments when solitude is the most grateful salve that can be applied to a sore heart: so he turned from the lights of the town and set his face toward the sea.

"I'll go to Azalea," Captain Mowbray said, suddenly. "She will be glad to see me." It was always "me," with Thurstan nowadays. So Captain Mowbray thought of Azalea, not as one injured, but as one who was to comfort him for his injury. His letters had not been forwarded to him from London. He remembered this now, and remembered to curse the club porter for having failed to send them on; not that it was of so much importance after all: he could calculate tolerably well as to what description of missives awaited him; a tender little coo from Azalea, several sulky croaks from irritated creditors, a duty letter from his sister, hoping that he was well, commenting on the weather, and sending him a good deal of italicized love.

With a sudden blank he thought,

"There will be no letter from her"—"her" meaning Lady Di.

However, he kept to his decision about going to Auriel, if only for a few hours; he thirsted for the solace of Azalea's presence, a presence which was in itself a caress. His wounded vanity yearned for the balm of her devotion; he looked on her in the light of a superior sort of cigar, something to sooth his irritation and dull his pain.

"Yes, he would go to her." He imaged to himself how she would glow at his approach, how she would run to welcome him with eye, lip, and voice! He knew nothing of that fresh-raised mound in the Auriel church-yard; he could not guess that the color had gone out of her cheeks forever, and that a narrow strip of moonlit earth, slanting between two sullen stunted cypresses, shielded her from further unkindness.

The wind rose and the sea grew more troubled. He turned his steps homeward; and as the clouds thickened over the moon's face he could no longer see his way clearly, but moved through a dark guideless space which was filled by wild hints of storm and shipwreck. He was glad when he had got away from that dismal shore haunted by cold touches of spray, by the brackish scent of deep-colored sea-flowers, by the ominous moan of the rising wind, and by the sting of the pang which he had brought with him to the water's edge.

The more he pondered over the wrong done to him, the stronger grew his longing for her who was to palliate the smart.

"I will run down to Auriel to-morrow," he thought; but the next morning, when he was on the point of starting for the station, the servant of a brother officer came with a message, asking him to be so good as to step in and see the Major before he went.

The Major was Major Welter, the "Gentleman Jock" of the regiment, and one of its most popular officers; young (as majors go), handsome, bar a broken nose, honorably gained in a fall over a stiff flight of post and rails; rich and popular. What more could a man desire to insure his happiness? Major Welter did not desire more; but to be something, or rather somewhat less, was necessary to his peace of mind; he had an unhappy propensity to grow—not fat according to the Banting standard, but heavy in a handicap point of view.

On this particular morning any one uninitiated in racing mysteries would have viewed the gallant Major's appearance with concern and alarm, fearing that he was the victim of some prostrating distemper.

When Thurstan entered the room nothing was visible of his friend save the tip of a damp-looking nose. The mother that bore him would scarcely have recognized her son in that heaving mass of yellow flannels which represented, or rather misrepresented, the manly outline of John Welter.

Mowbray exhibited neither surprise nor commiseration. He was accustomed to these desperate attempts at liquefaction of the "too solid flesh" of thirteen-stone men.

"Been wasting, I see. What have you brought it down to?"

A faint voice answered from under the blankets, in a Desdemona-like tone of pathos,

"It's no use, Mowbray. Five pounds off yesterday, four pounds off to-day, but there's still eight pounds too many on me which I *can't* get down. Just ease off one of the blankets, will you?"

Mowbray obeyed his friend's behest, and the voice was heard rather more distinctly.

"I've tried all I know. I've shut my eyes at mess so that I shouldn't be tempted by the joints; I've resisted my liquor; I've qualified for an anchorite, by Jove! I've walked, looking like an animated turnip, until I nearly dropped; and now, after all my exertions, after all my abstinence, I weigh, and find myself eight pounds too heavy. It's enough to break a fellow's heart!"

And something like a tear shone in the eye which peeped out above the shining nose. Scoff him not ye who have never known what it is to strive against the misery of "superincumbent flesh," and to fail in the strife.

"I was going to ride my chestnut horse, Piff Paff," the Major continued, dolorously. "I've backed him for a heap of money. You see he's such a queer-tempered beast I couldn't put an ordinary amateur on him. I wish you'd ride him, Mowbray."

"When is it to come off?"

"To-morrow; it's the Wharneshire Hunt Steeple-chase. The horse will go on to-night; we can go down to-morrow morning; and if we catch an early train back we'll have such a jolly dinner in town!" And the speaker's eyes glistened once more, this time with pleasurable emotion.

"I'll ride him for you with pleasure," Mowbray said; "but I shall have to leave town in the evening. I am going down into the country."

Captain Mowbray's heart was still very sore, and as he had not fasted he did not feel that a dinner would afford him any especial consolation.

After a brief consultation the friends arranged that they would go together to Wharneshire that night, and that Captain Mowbray's servant should call in town for his master's letters, and follow the latter down to the race meeting on the following morning. Was there in Thurstan's mind a lingering hope that Lady Diana might repent her decision, and dispatch some sign of grace in pursuit of him? If he did nourish any such hope it was faint and fine as a spider's thread, and he himself was hardly conscious of its subtle existence.

"That boy, young Orme, is going to ride a mare of his own, which he has hunted once or twice. I do not fancy his father knows he is out on this occasion. Belton of ours is up too, and Flitter rides Antelope."

Flitter was a professional; and he, the Major added, with solemn emphasis, "was dangerous."

CHAPTER LI.

THE STEEPLE-CHASE.

AT an early hour on the following morning six men might have been seen studying the topography of the Wharneshire Hunt Steeple-chase course with somewhat of the solemnity of chiefs of an army surveying a proposed field of battle. These were Mowbray and Conrad Orme (riding under the name of Emro to evade paternal scrutiny), Major Welter and Captain Belton, Flitter the "dangerous" and Mr. Knowlton, a well-known performer in the pigskin. Four of the faces looked anxious. Major Welter's alone was serene; he was not going to ride, and the fences didn't look nearly so big to him as they did to the others.

"Do you think your little mare is up to this, Orme?" Mowbray asked, anxiously, of Conrad Orme. "And won't there be the deuce of a row when your governor hears what you are going to do?"

"If the governor chooses to quarrel with me I can't help it," young Conrad said, grandly; "a man must have his amusements, and I've every confidence in the mare."

"Rather creepy, don't you think?" Captain Belton suggested to Flitter, with a look of sick aversion at a wide double.

"Not a bit of it, Sir," the professional said, not understanding the speaker's meaning as to the danger's making his flesh creep; "as nice a flying country as you need to ride over."

His cheery voice was felt as an insult by the others as they gloomily scrutinized a stiff flight of posts and rails.

"Piff Paff, if I remember right, gave me a crumpling over a low gate last year, when I rode him to hounds for you," Mowbray said, with an uneasy twist of his neck, and a vivid recollection of the fall which kept him silly for ten days after.

"Yes," Major Welter answered, gayly; "and I got over so well on my second horse."

Captain Belton looked uncomfortable, and suggested an adjournment to the paddocks, and to brandy and soda.

It was not until an hour or two later, when Captain Mowbray had been lifted on to the queer-tempered chestnut, that his servant made his appearance, holding in his hands his master's letters and papers.

"Clear the way!" the rider cried, angrily, as Piff Paff essayed to go out of the paddock human-wise on two legs. "I can't look at them now; or stay" (the "queer-tempered" had altered his tactics, and preferred to stick his forefeet into the ground, with a look of stolid determination in his wicked-looking eyes and ears); "I might as well see the outsides."

Thurstan hastily scanned the handwriting on the various envelopes. There was none from Lady Di; and in noting the omission he felt conscious of feeling a little more heavy at heart than he had done two minutes before. There was, however, an envelope marked *immediate*, and this he tore open, taking advantage of the chestnut's temporary quiescence.

Major Welter coming up to give his friend various hints as to the best modes of outwitting, coercing, and cajoling Piff Paff, was struck with consternation at the sight of the rider's face; all the bloom of color had died away from it—it was dull and heavy-looking as lead; his head drooped on his breast; his hands were trembling; his eyes glazed. Had the chestnut but known it, he might have shaken his rider from him as though he were a dead leaf.

"Surely he don't funk," the Major muttered, in his dismay.

"Here, Mowbray, shall I bring you some brandy?"

"Yes, brandy!" Thurstan echoed, mechanically.

But the brandy did not bring the color to his cheeks nor the light to his eyes.

"There are some things brandy can't get at," the Major said, reflectively; "funk is one of 'em; but I never should have believed Mowbray could lose his nerve."

Here Piff Paff, tired of a resolution which no one tried to induce him to alter, began to walk quietly forward, and Mowbray was awoke by the movement to the necessities of his position.

"Don't be afraid—I'm not nervous," he said, in answer to his friend's anxious glance; "only I have some bad news, and it rather upset me; that's all."

"If he makes a mull of it I shall have to bolt over seas," Jack Welter thought, sadly; and then he turned and looked at the rival mounts for this race.

There was Conrad, the feather of the race, who at ten stone, and in the airiest of breeches and the most impossible of gossamer boots, so fragile as to put a thorn or a rough bush out of the question, was to ride his own little mare, Primrose, and we may be sure that, with all the lad's faults, he will ride boldly if not well; Captain Belton was there, adjusting his horse Greyling's double bridle with a somewhat tragic expression of countenance.

"I don't fancy myself a bit," he explains, candidly, to Flitter. "This violent, lurching brute will never get round the first turn, but will bolt away Heaven knows where."

Mr. Knowlton looks at his sweet-tempered Madonna, and inwardly passes a vote of confidence in her. She and her rider are well acquainted, and have mutual trust one in the other.

The glare of the white booths, the gay colors, the discordant sounds, the course itself—dimly indicated in the distance by the double posts with blue flags—the eager faces of the crowd, the dark, shining shadows which seemed like horses passing out of the paddock in line—for an instant or so all these appeared blurred and confused to Mowbray; he was blind and deaf in the first stun of that grievous surprise.

"She is dead!" he muttered; "she is dead, and I have killed her!"

For Douglas had not spared him the truth in the brief letter in which he told him of Azalea's fate.

"*She is dead, and you have murdered her. I have seen a letter you wrote to that woman. She—your wife—had seen it; it appears that you accidentally lost it at Auriel; Azalea saw it, and she never ceased to see it until she died; the thought of you troubled her to the last. I am thankful that her pain is over.*"

The sound of a crazy bell now compelled an interval of natural attitudes on the part of the acrobats, silenced the voices of the itinerant musicians, and that of the gipsy who was promising immense returns in the shape of blue-eyed sweet-hearts and large families for the small outlay of one sixpence. The last old woman has been run nimbly off the course by the assistance of two policemen, when Captain Belton comes sailing along on Greyling. He has his hands full, and is doing all he knows to restrain his impetuous brute, who, feeling the curb brought to bear, answers by mad plunges and bounds in the air; by dint of hauling his excited head round till it almost brushes his rider's knees, Captain Belton at length reduces Greyling's movements to a rational canter, and the horse subsides into a walk, just as the rider, his arms cramped and numb with pain, is mentally vowing Greyling as a sacrifice to dogs.

Meanwhile, Conrad and Knowlton have taken their canters past the stand and over the bushed hurdles in front of it, their nags going fluently and easily, Conrad a little excited, and eager to be first over, his bright boyish face and yellow curls making him the especial favorite of the ladies in the stand.

Flitter now catches hold of Antelope; he is a little anxious to know what sort of a performer he has under him. The horse and the rider have never met before to-day; but experience is the schoolmaster of sympathy, and the jockey feels, rather by instinct than any thing else, the almost imperceptible protest lodged by his lean, wiry-looking thorough-bred against the object before him.

A firm vice-like hold of the horse's head, and a sudden grip from the knees, and Antelope is brought up to the hurdle with such a determined rush that he gives up all idea of his meditated rebellion, and flies his obstacle in such style as (combined with his rider's close seat and steady hands) confirm him more strongly than ever in his position of first favorite.

Lastly came Thurstan Mowbray—his cheek was flushed now, and his eyes bright with unnatural excitement. He meant "to ride like the devil," he told himself. He shouldn't care if he got spilled, or even had a very bad fall; this world was a bothering world after all. At any event he should get free of the burden of intolerable self-reproach. He dare not dwell too long on the horror of that letter, he feared he might lose his head altogether. As it was, Azalea's white, dead face kept rising before him, and once he even lifted his hand to put it gently away.

"I wish you'd take it away until the race is over," he murmured, half aloud; and Major Welter, thinking his friend alluded to the brandy flask, put it out of sight; and perhaps it was well he did so, for Captain Mowbray had already consumed a considerable amount of its contents.

At present, however, his judgment was not one whit impaired by the stimulant he had taken, nor by his mental distress. The force of habit is a strong controlling power. It is said that men in battle sometimes sit their horses with consummate grace and skill, even while Death is in their hearts. Mowbray, with a growing madness in his brain, sat and handled the uneasy beast he rode with all his usual ability.

He walked Piff Paff slowly up to the hurdles, and flapping the reins loose upon his neck, tried to pat and talk the chestnut into a belief that nobody wanted him to jump.

"What's your jock about, Welter?" asked a horsey-looking man, clad in the costume supposed to be identical with a taste for sport—*i. e.*, tight trowsers and stunted coat.

"Can't tell, can't tell," was the hurried reply. "Never interfere with another man's riding, especially when he knows as much as Mowbray does."

Meanwhile, Mowbray having approached as near to the hurdles as he dared, veered his horse round, and picking up his reins, quickly darted off in an opposite direction for a brushing spin. The spectators looked blank at being balked of the anticipated jump.

He of the tight trowsers, who had watched the proceeding with undisguised scorn, shouted in derision—

"Five to one against Piff Paff."

"Put it down to me, Sir," coolly rejoined Major Welter.

"To a £100, if you like," said the other.

"It's a bet," replied the Major; adding to a keen-eyed bookmaker standing near to him—

"I only got four to one from you."

"No, Sir, and I wouldn't give you three to one now."

The horses now walked quietly down to the post, where Lord Pastern, who, as the "correct card" affirmed, was acting as starter, had already arrived.

"Come back behind the post!" shouted my lord, who had taken some lessons in the art of starting; "I won't start you till you're all behind the post. Now, Captain Mowbray, why are you hanging back? Come up, come up!"

Piff Paff makes a few steps in a forward direction, and Conrad, taking this as a hint to be off, digs his spurs into Primrose, and jumps away; the others, infected by his example, also spring forward till they have gone about two hundred yards, when Flitter, who feels rather than sees there is something wrong, pulls up and returns. Conrad Orme and Knowlton soon follow his example, and so would Captain Belton if Greyling permitted it; but the latter bolts as far as the stand, where he stops short, like one of those willful toy-mice, which, when once wound up, run their own way or none at all.

"Get inside him, Captain."

"Really, Sir, how much start do you want?"

Amidst such like derision, Captain Belton "winds his solitary way" back to the starting-post.

"What, Flitter, you here?" cries Lord Pastern, as the jockeys rejoin him. "Why, what on earth makes you poke your nose in here, as the doves in the dove-cot said to the eagle, 'I suppose you've got a certainty?' What's your nag?"

"He's a four-year-old, my lord," whispers Flitter, mysteriously. "He's by Thunderbolt; they tried him to be a fairish horse last year; but he turned cur, so they put him to cross country work. He's as clever a fencer as ever wore a bridle, but I'm sadly afraid he'll cut it to-day, if there's any thing good enough to stretch his neck. Still his owner has backed him for a heap of money."

"Well, he has to carry ten pound extra for professional assistance, Flitter; but I fancy you can give away that little lump."

"Not to Captain Mowbray, my lord. I don't know who can give him weight over a country he knows as much as most of us."

By this time the horses were nearly all in a heap, and Lord Pastern dropped his flag with a hearty "go!" The three bounded away in close order and kept pretty well together until the hurdles at the stand, a quarter of a mile from the starting-post, were nearly reached, when Captain Belton shot to the front, and with outstretched neck and star-gazing head his hasty brute, never rising, smashed through the hurdle in front of him; almost simultaneously, Conrad, Flitter, and Knowlton topped the gorse, while Mowbray quietly slipped through the passage cleared by Greyling.

Passing the stand and betting ring, the riders catch occasional shouts of five to four against Antelope, two to one against Piff Paff, and poor Captain Belton, if he were still within ear-shot, might have heard the mocking cries of fifty to one against Greyling; the latter never slackens as he draws near the fence in front of him, but taking off out of distance crashes down to the bottom of the ditch and there reposes. His jockey has just time to arise and swear that he is a dead man, when Conrad, by this time two lengths ahead of the running horses, hurries down to the obstacle; Mowbray and Knowlton take the jump shoulder to shoulder; while Flitter, easing his nag, shaves the flag in cutting off the corner. A beautiful piece of sound turf succeeds, and the four sail away as if the field had no boundary, Flitter holding Antelope hard by the head, as much as to say—

"Now, this is the finest fun in the world, and if you don't take care I won't let you have the spree of going at all."

Thereby deceiving the wily nag and infusing courage into his cowardly heart.

The exit is at last arrived at, and a trumpery little thing it looks—so insignificant that Conrad's mare blunders on to her head and throws him on to her neck, so that he has to work back by degrees and fish uncomfortably for a lost stirrup, which seems like a stirrup possessed, and flies up and down, banging his leg thinly encased in his riding-boot. Seeing the consequence of Primrose's inattention to the ditch, Knowlton pulls round Madonna opposite to a small thorn-bush which he thinks will make her rise.

His ruse succeeds. Meanwhile Piff Paff, who is in an unwontedly gracious mood, thanks to the soothing influence of Mowbray's delicate yet firm handling, simply strides away, and seems not to see the gap he flies over; while Flitter, with a "Come up, horse!" also follows in safety.

They now cross a deeply-plowed fallow field, which necessitates some holding together, albeit the land is so dry that the horses move in a cloud of dust; and Flitter, who is lying back, blinks his eyes uncomfortably at the showers of clods and small stones thrown up by his predecessors. Antelope also shows his disgust by shaking his head from side to side. Catching sight of a cross-furrow, Knowlton drops Madonna into it, and, feeling the relief of coming on to firm going, sends her along at a rattling pace, immediately followed by Mowbray. The mishap at the gap had dispossessed Conrad of the lead; but he now works his way to the front, and pounds along, regardless of the furrow, thinking only how to regain the foremost place, which object he achieves, not without trying poor Primrose severely. The fallow runs out into a green lane, patched by an encampment; and the tawny children, who resemble the received notion of imps, shout with glee as Primrose, springing to the summit of the opposite bank, disappears in the meadow beyond.

Madonna, Piff Paff, and Antelope follow, and the pace improves with the horses' appreciation of the elastic sod.

"Hang it!" ejaculates Conrad, "what a deuce of a wind there is!" The lad thinks he is in a gale, from the pace at which he is tearing along; but, in fact, there is not a breath stirring. "I must keep my mouth shut," he thinks, "for my tongue feels like leather. What wouldn't I give for a wine-glass of water? Hold up, old woman!" he cries to Primrose, who is getting careless in her fatigue, and, putting her foot into a water furrow, threatens to somersault.

The game little mare cheers up at the sound of his voice, and changing her leg, gathers herself together for the post and rails, which now show new, hard, and forbidding at the bottom of the pasture.

"Well, there's no breaking *them*," thinks Flitter; but he yet resolves that the other three shall have the first chance.

Mowbray clenches his teeth as he mutters, "I wonder if—" and sits back on the chestnut, prepared to rouse him with the spurs at the very last moment.

"Yoi, over!" screams Knowlton to Conrad, whose answering cheer rings in the air as he lands well in the next field, succeeded by Madonna, both horses performing faultlessly. Mowbray draws Piff Paff nearly into a trot until close up, when he drives the sluggard at the timbers vigorously, his tactics serving him so well that he gets over with a bang which reminds the horse that oak rails carry *noli me tangere* plainly on their faces.

"Lucky I didn't lark over those hurdles at the stand," thinks Mowbray. "He'd have been sure to sweep them away, and to have tried the same game here."

Flitter, not daring to check his uncertain Antelope too much, rises simultaneously with Mowbray and gets over with the same luck. The brook is swung over without a mistake, greatly to the disappointment of the crowd. Steeple-chase brooks are not as hunting brooks, and afford no fair trial to a hunter's water-jumping abilities. In the steeple-chase brook the take off and the landing are insured sound, and a low flight of gorsed hurdles conceals the sheen of the water from the horse until it is too late for him to retreat. A few more fences, chiefly bank and ditch, and the competitors near the stand once more. Flitter glances his eye along the cords to catch the eye of Antelope's trainer, while Mowbray listens mechanically to the changes in the betting. The twenty to one against Primrose conveys no warning to the excited Conrad, who can not resist urging his mare to "leave those duffers standing, and win in a walk." Poor lad, poor horse! She does try her best; but though her rider has sense enough to save her a little by selecting the sound furrow in the fallow field, and although he does continue to lead first out of the lane, this time lined with the noisy expectant children, the jaded mare reels over the bank, and is passed immediately by the other horses. Ah! Primrose passed by those you led so gallantly, who shall tell the pain you feel?

Mowbray now takes up the running: he conjectures that to tire faint-hearted Antelope will be his most workmanlike plan. He sees Madonna has done her best, and that henceforth the race lies between Piff Paff and the favorite. Calculating with reason that the previous bruises over the timber have taught his horse a lesson, he faces the posts and rails confidently, and gets over cleverly, succeeded by Antelope, who raps all fours, and Madonna, who follows suit. Conrad comes laboring on, the mare struggling painfully to keep her companions in sight.

"I may yet do it," the lad thinks; "they may all come to grief afterward; and if I can but get over *this*, I may win even now. Forrad, forrad!" he cries; "once more, old girl, it's the last time!"

And hand and heel go desperately to work. Primrose looks helplessly from side to side as though seeking an alternative, and then, game to the last, although she feels her strength is utterly spent, she gives a pitiful spring, catches both fore-legs on the top rail, and crashes headlong down on the grass beyond. Presently the exhausted mare struggles up again, but the rider does not move. The ladies in the stand see through their *lorgnettes* that a huddled heap of pink and white hoops is lying like a crumpled rag on the green meadow, but fortunately for them they can not distinguish the face of the pretty boy-jockey.

The sun shines down fiercely on him, but his upturned eyes do not shrink; awe-stricken men whisper questions to him, but he preserves an ominous silence; his cheek is stained by something redder than a blush, and his features have lost their shape under the imprint of his horse's feet.

But just now and he had flashed through sun and shadow a gracious living presence; now he lay stiff and ungainly with the ugliness of death creeping on him. A few moments' since and he had passed the grand stand a gay-hearted lad, his cheeks glowed by the wind, his bright short curls glistening in the sun, and with no more solemn thought in his mind than that, "If he won, perhaps the governor would not so much mind his having ridden."

Now he was something which could not even think; something with a face which was a fearful parody on humanity; something which every instant was going further away from the world without being able to breathe it a farewell.

"Breathing still, but senseless, breathing stertorously," as the doctor expressed it, who is one of those quickly collected round the fallen youth; some half a dozen men take off their coats with eager kindness, and stretching them over the hard bars of a neighboring gate, carry the body to a farm-house, where the doctor and a few of the farmer's friends keep watch over the unfortunate young gentleman, living still, but too true a prophet when he shouted to Primrose, "For the last time."

Unconscious of Conrad's fate, the other three pursue their way; Thurstan increasing his lead, Flitter waiting with the bravest patience, for he knows he dare not press Antelope, and Knowlton gradually tailing off; the *lorgnettes* at the stand can now discern the state of the race, and the most practiced eyes begin to discredit Antelope.

"The favorite's beat!" roar the bookmakers. "Piff Paff *walks* in," they add.

But Mowbray is not yet over the brook, and meanly as he thinks of it he would be more cautious and less confident if he saw a staring white greyhound, which, puzzled at the numbers of people, and the open space left for the steeple-chasers, comes bounding along and arrives on the opposite bank just as Piff Paff is making his spring. It is too late to make any effort to avert the catastrophe, and in an instant dog, horse, and rider are rolling in the mud. Thurstan holds on to the reins, and taking them over Piff Paff's ears strips off the bridle, but rising immediately throws his arms round the horse's neck, while a by-stander assists him in readjusting the bit.

In the interval Flitter gets over the water, followed by Madonna, and dreading Mowbray's reappearance, makes play at the best pace his tiring horse can raise, having too a conviction that even the slow but honest Madonna may, if she can only get alongside of him, snatch the victory in the last few strides.

Layers look black, and backers rejoice.

"The favorite wins easy!" thinks the crowd, and in that moment of excitement even women forget to wonder if that dear little boy, carried away on the litter, was much injured.

"Is the other fellow coming on?" shouts Flitter to a countryman, staring with all his might at the closing issue of the race. But Antelope has swept yards away before the meaning of the query reaches the stupefied yokel.

The other fellow *is* coming on, hand over hand, knowing his horse will try, and that Antelope will show the white feather if Piff Paff can but collar him. Mowbray does all he knows, and clearing the last fence is soon within fifty yards of the leader. Catching and passing the beaten Madonna, he creeps up inch by inch; at the distance he is within ten lengths, and resolves to wait to the last. They are now close to home. Antelope gives an uneasy whisk of his tail, a symptom of defeat not lost on Mowbray, who calls on his horse with all the power he is capable of. Flitter finds Antelope sinking, and almost against his better judgment, picks up his whip; he finds no response from his exhausted nag. Giving in at once on the exhibition of punishment Antelope lets up Piff Paff, whose final rush lands him at the post, a clever winner by half a length.

"You have ridden magnificently, my boy," Major Welter said, shaking his jock's hand energetically, "and by Jove! it's the making of me, Mowbray."

Later he added, "Don't go down into the country, Mowbray; stay and make a night of it in town with me."

"No," Thurstan said, with an odd look on his haggard face. "I sha'n't go down into the country, I'm going abroad, Welter. Between you and me, there was a dead woman holding her face close to mine during all that race, and I want to get away from her. I shall go home to my people."

Late that night Lord Orme bent over his dying boy, yearning for one look, one word of recognition, but "For the last time, for the last time," was all that Conrad said; and these piteous echoes of his fatal encouragement to poor Primrose were the only coherent words that passed his lips.

When the sun next dawned the lad was at peace, and Lord Orme, bitterly stricken by the unexpected anguish of this last misfortune, kissed the poor bruised lips with his face streaming with tears, and asked himself if this were retribution!

THE AUSTRALIAN REPUBLIC.

We have received a printed document setting forth sixteen reasons for the independence of the six Australian colonies, and their federation in the form of a Republic. The reasons are good, and the result aimed at is merely a question of time. We have only room for the following extract: "As Australia and New Zealand, with area and capabilities for supporting a population of 50,000,000, count as yet less than 2,000,000, their first great vital 'want' is, of necessity, the want of more people, the want of that more capital and labor, energy, enterprise, art, and skill, ever, by the golden stream of emigration, flowing from the Old World to fructify the New. That in the last fifty years, while only one million British emigrants have settled in British colonies in America, four millions have settled in the adjacent United States, and that as German and Continental emigration have been wholly to the latter, it may fairly be estimated that, in the last half century, for every one emigrant family settling in America under the British flag, six have chosen to settle under the Stars and Stripes. That as the natural advantages of large portions of the British colonies in America are as great as those of the United States, this sixfold superiority of the latter over the former in popularity and repute, as an emigration field, proves that, politically and socially, an independent Republic of British origin and genius is vastly more attractive to the emigrant millions of the Old World than are subordinate British colonies, and that this pregnant fact alone might wisely determine Australasia to cease to be the one, and to become the other."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Any thing but a Fiction-in-Law—A Mother-in-Law!

May a glass of spirits taken in a garret be called a *dram-attic* performance?

A "Handy" Guide—A blind man's dog.

The Earl of ——, of pompous notoriety and parsimonious celebrity, superintends personally the produce of his dairy, and not unfrequently sells the milk to the village children with his own hands. One morning a pretty little girl presented her penny and her pitcher to his lordship for milk. Pleased with the appearance of the child, he patted her on the head and gave her a kiss. "Now, my pretty lass," he said, "you may tell as long as you live that you have been kissed by an earl." "Ah! but," replied the child, "*you took the penny, though!*"

John Smith fell in love with a maid;
  Each night 'neath the window he stood,
And there, with his soft serenade,
  He wakened the whole neighborhood!
But vainly he tried to arouse
  Her sleep with his strains so bewitching;
While he played in front of the house,
  She slept in the little back kitchen.

An old lady was asked what she thought of the eclipse. She replied: "Well, it proved *one* thing; and that is, that the papers don't always lie."

A quack medicine vendor at the South heads one of his advertisements as follows: "Sick Babies Wanted."

APOLOGETIC.

I'd offer thee this hand of mine,
  If thou but hadst the dimes,
But purses short and slim as thine
  Won't do for these hard times.
I leave thee in thy wretchedness,
  As one too poor to mate,
For love, you know, can only bless
  When based on real estate.

Mark Twain at the Tomb of Adam.—"The tomb of Adam! How touching it was here in a land of strangers, far away from home, and friends, and all who cared for me, thus to discover the grave of a blood relation. True, a distant one, but still a relation. The unerring instinct of nature thrilled its recognition. The fountain of my filial affection was stirred to its profoundest depths, and I gave way to tumultuous emotion. I leaned upon a pillar and burst into tears. I deem it no shame to have wept over the grave of my poor dead relative. Let him who would sneer at my emotion close this volume here, for he will find little to his taste in my journeyings through Holy Land. Noble old man—he did not live to see me—he did not live to see his child. And I—I—alas! I did not live to see *him*. Weighed down by sorrow and disappointment, he died before I was born—six thousand brief summers before I was born. But let us try to bear it with fortitude. Let us trust that he is better off where he is."

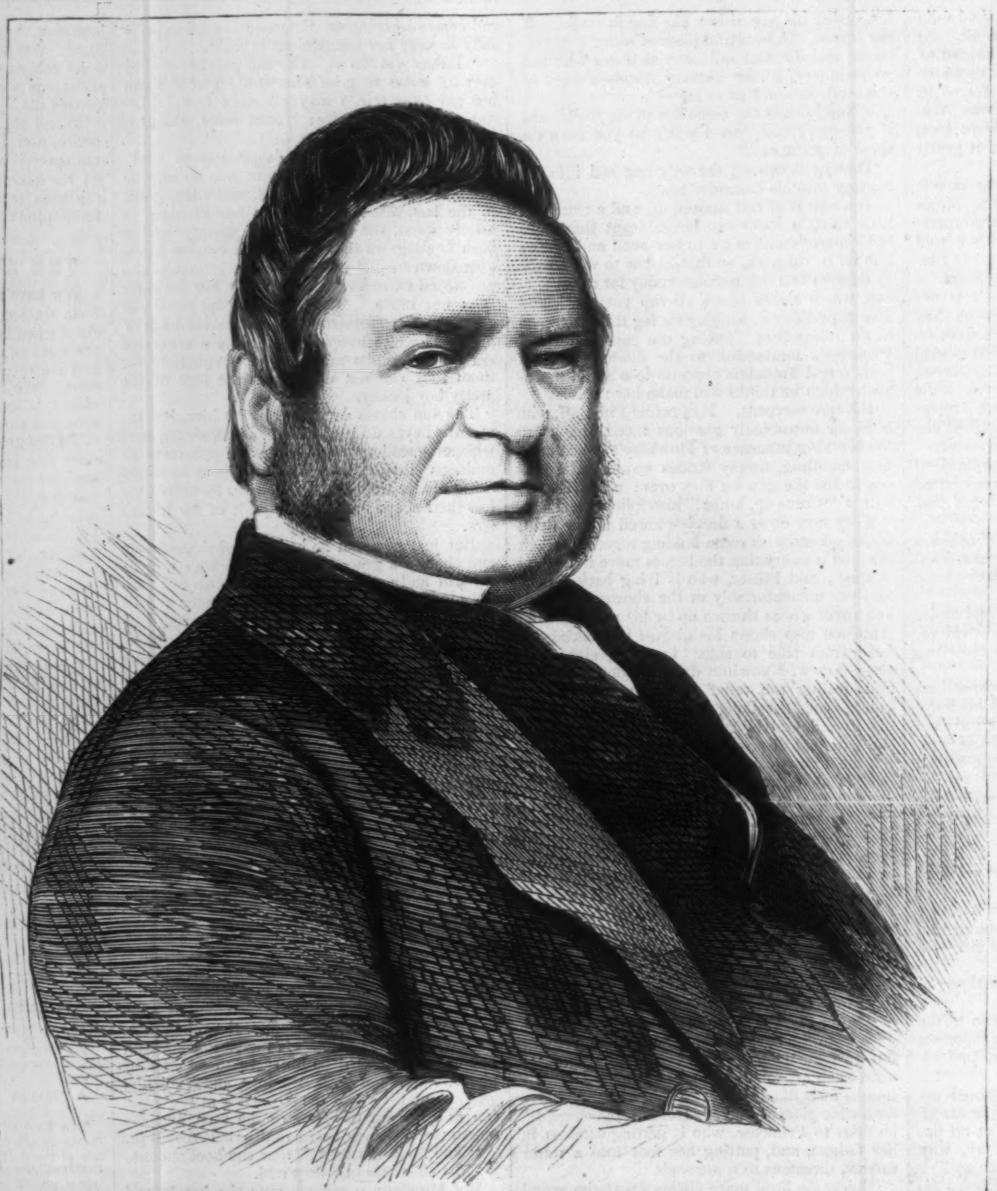
A WHEELOCIPEDE.

It has only one wheel,
  Neither treadle nor saddle;
It is built in such shape
  That you don't have to straddle.
The man who propels it
  Takes hold with his hands
Of two parallel bars,
  And on the ground stands:
Puts his feet in motion,
  One after the other,
While the vehicle goes
  Without any bother.
This funny machine
  Has no painting or gilding;
It is useful to carry
  Material for building—
Shingles and shavings,
  Brick, lime, and plaster—
And the lighter the load
  It can travel the faster.
It is better than a bicycle,
  For it isn't so narrow;
And our wheelocipede
  We call a wheel-barrow!

"Bridget, what became of the tallow I greased my boots with this morning?" "I fried the buckwheats in it." "Oh, I was afraid you had wasted it."

REV. F. J. JOBSON, D.D.

At the opening of the Wesleyan Methodist Conference at Hull, England, early in August, the Rev. Frederick J. Jobson, D.D., was elected President of the Conference during the twelvemonth ensuing, and received from Mr. Hall, the retiring President, the official seal of the Conference, and John Wesley's pocket Bible. Dr. Jobson was born at Lincoln in 1812; and, having received a good education, was articled to learn the profession of an architect, with Mr. Willson, F.S.A., of Lincoln. While living under his master's roof Mr. Jobson received much literary instruction from the Roman Catholic clergy who frequented Mr. Willson's house. But he remained a Protestant, and entered the Wesleyan Ministry in 1834. From that time to this he has been untiring in his services to the Church of his choice. He has been stationed in some of the most important circuits in the Methodist connection, including the First London, First Leeds, Fifth Manchester, and Bradford Circuits: He was also appointed by the Conference to visit the Methodist Episcopal Church of America, in company with Dr. Hannah. While in America he expressed his humane sympathies with the negro race, and declined to be separated from them either in traveling or at the table. It was from one of the American universities that he got the degree of D.D. Dr. Jobson has published several works which have attained success in Methodist literature; among his other works are "Australia, with Notes by the Way;" "A Mother's Portrait," and "A Tribute to the Memory of Dr. Bunting." He is one of the best preachers in the connection; and his conduct as President is distinguished by strict impartiality and amiable manners.



REV F. J. JOBSON, D.D., PRESIDENT OF THE WESLEYAN METHODIST CONFERENCE, ENGLAND.

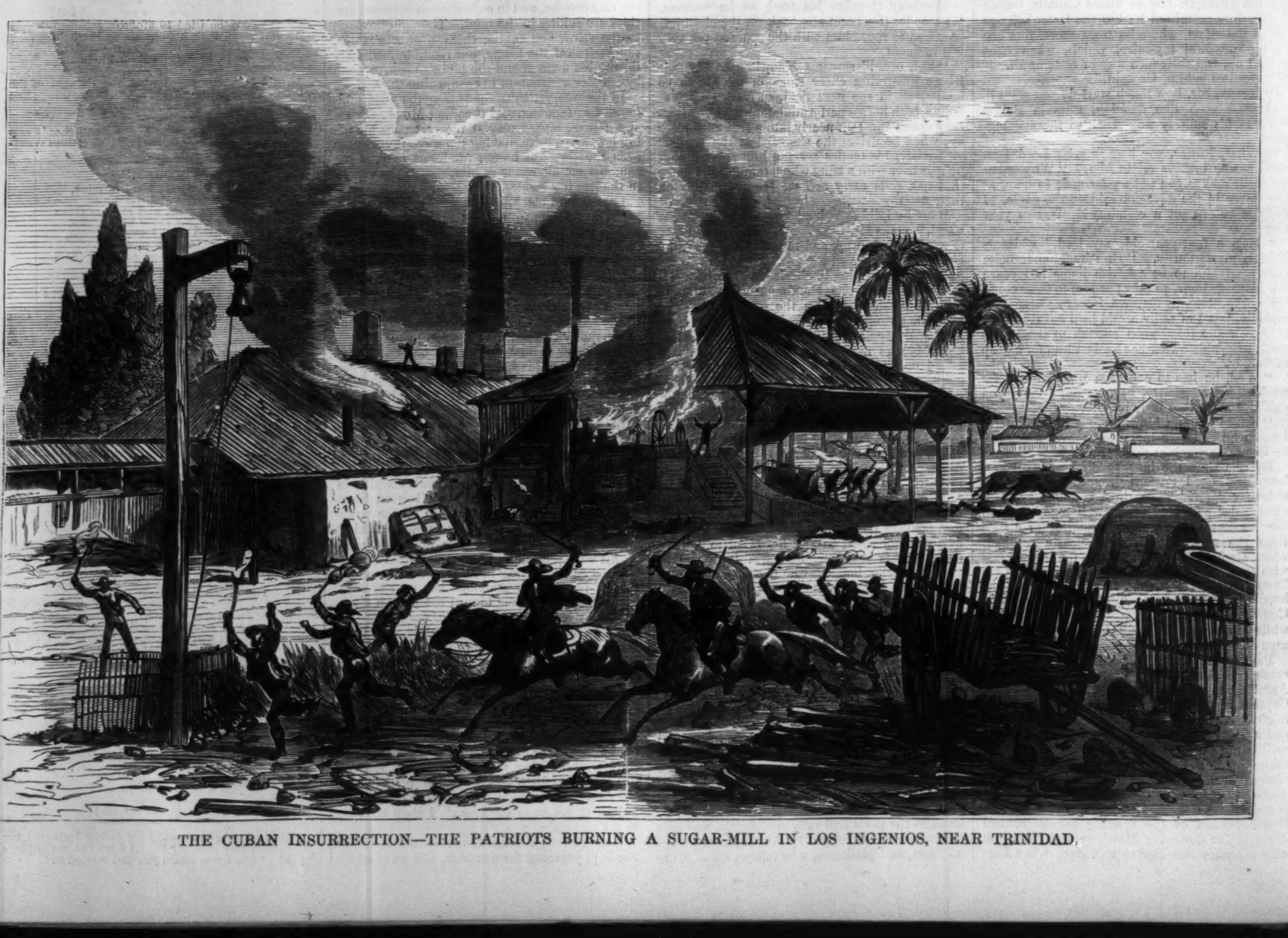
THE WAR IN CUBA.

It is impossible even yet to ascertain the precise situation in Cuba, as between the Spaniards and the Patriots. But, whatever may be the result of the conflict, there can be no doubt as to its desolating character. The picture which we give on this page is a characteristic representation of the Vandalism to which both parties seem to have abandoned themselves. Confiscation and despoliation are the order of the day. Such events as that illustrated have frequently occurred.

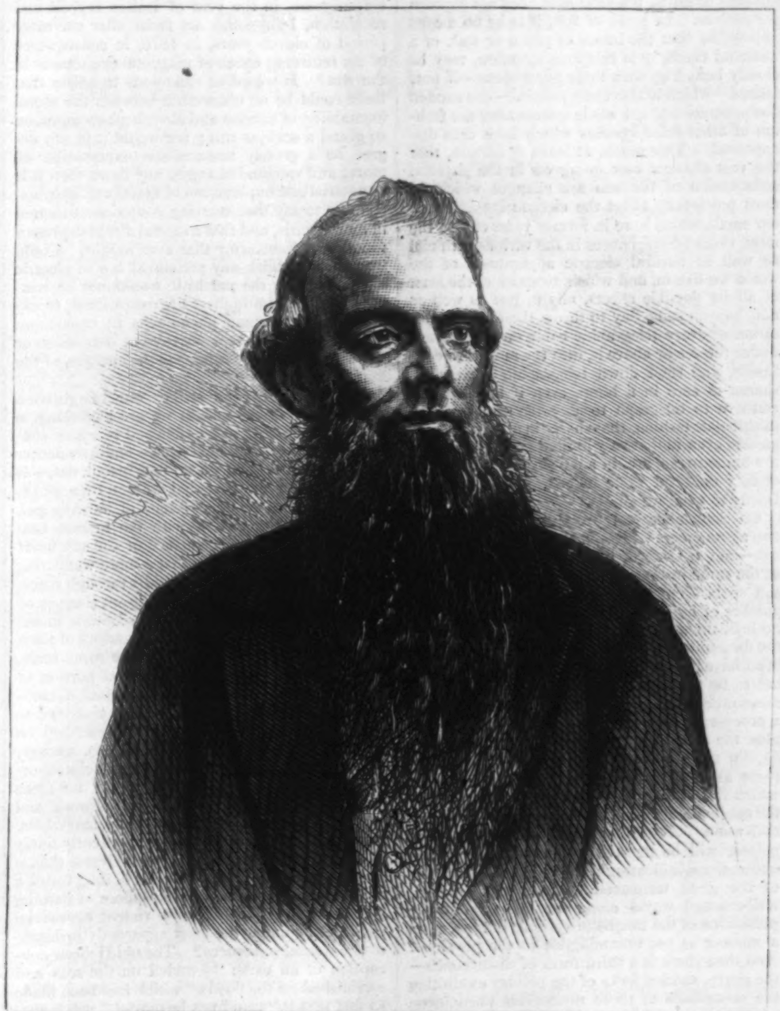
HON. FOSTER BLODGETT.

Few men of any age or country have been the object of more unmerited abuse and persecution, at the hands of political opponents, than the Hon. Foster Blodgett, Chairman of the State Central Committee of the Republican party in Georgia. A man of strong native intellect, a bold and original thinker, independent in character, sincere in his convictions, ardent in devotion to principle, and uncompromising and determined in the execution of his plans, Mr. Blodgett has long been regarded as a representative man of his State, and one of the most formidable opponents of the pro-rebel Democracy of his native section. That such a man should be assigned leadership in his own party, and thereby excite the bitterest animosities of his opponents, is not unnatural. The first public man in Georgia to openly advocate the organization of a political party in the State looking to the overthrow of the old sectional hierarchy, and the restoration of the State to its proper relations with the Union, upon the basis of Republican principles, he early endeared himself to the Union men of his section, and he also called down upon his head the anathemas of the decaying political dynasty of Georgia.

Mr. Blodgett was born in Augusta, Georgia, January 15, 1826, and is consequently now in his forty-fourth year. He was educated in the common schools of his own State, and entered the arena of politics as a Union Whig of the Henry Clay school—thus beginning his career as an uncompromising opponent of the dominant party of his State. Only three months after attaining to his majority he was elected member of the Common Council of his native city, and served in that capacity for several years. At the age of twenty-four he was elected Bridge Keeper, and to that position of trust and responsibility was annually re-elected for five successive years, when he refused longer to be a candidate for the place. In 1856 he was elected Judge of the Probate Court, and School Commissioner for Richmond County; and the appreciation of his services in this capacity was shown by his re-election in 1860. In August, 1859, at the age of thirty-three, he was chosen Mayor of the city; and the Augusta Water-Works, which have been carried on so successfully, were planned by him, and completed during his administration. In 1860 he was again the choice of the people for Mayor. He was also appointed a delegate for the State at large to the Convention that met in Baltimore, May, 1860, and which nominated Bell, of Tennessee, and Everett, of Massachusetts, as candidates of the Whig-Union party for the Presidency and Vice-Presidency of the United



THE CUBAN INSURRECTION—THE PATRIOTS BURNING A SUGAR-MILL IN LOS INGENIOS, NEAR TRINIDAD.



HON. FOSTER BLODGETT.

States. It was during this memorable year that he presided, at the hazard of his life, over the last Union mass meeting held in Georgia previous to the outbreak of the rebellion; and it was from this date that those persecutions by secession leaders commenced, which have steadily pursued him to the present moment. At one time, during the progress of the war, these persecutions became so bitter and relentless as to victimize him under the military exactions of the DAVIS government, and force him for a time into the rebel army. He succeeded, however, in so far extricating himself from the military shackles as to return to his family with an honorable discharge, without ever having fired upon his country's flag. After the surrender of the rebel forces he was appointed, by President JOHNSON (June 25, 1865), Postmaster at Augusta. Refusing to become a party to Mr. JOHNSON'S defection, he was suspended from the functions of his office, January 1, 1867, but was restored by the Postmaster-General, March 31, 1869. On the 1st of May, 1868, and during the period of his suspension by Mr. JOHNSON, he was appointed Mayor of Augusta by General POPE, then Commandant of the Third Military District—a position which he held until December, 1868.

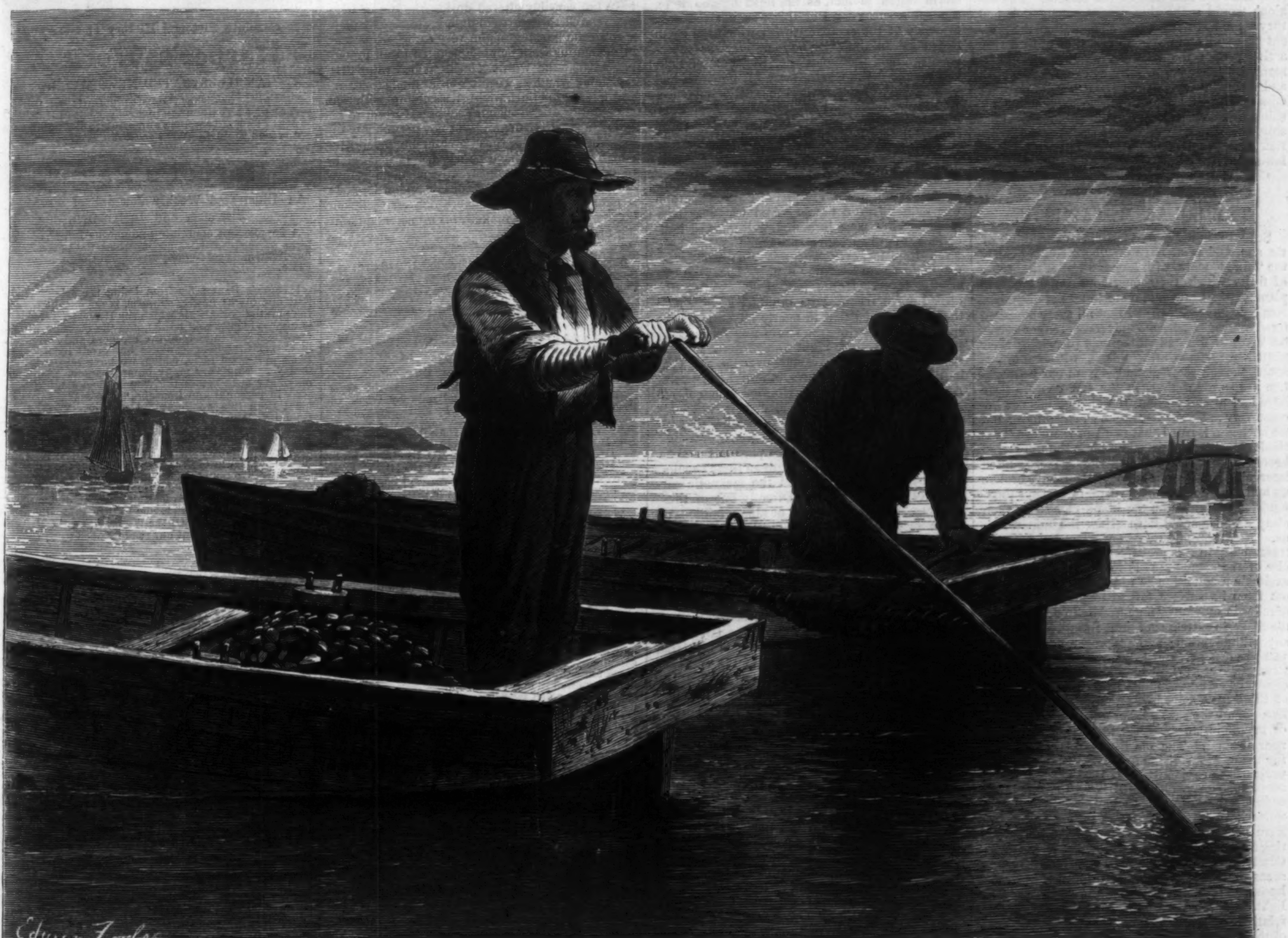
Mr. BLODGETT was President of the first Republican Convention ever held in Georgia. This occurred on the 4th of July, 1867, and will be long remembered as the opening of that memorable political campaign which, for bitterness of invective and malignity of personal hatreds, stands almost unparalleled in the annals of partisan warfare. It was, in very truth, "a time to try men's souls." Inspired by the audacity and leadership of the old secession magnates, and encouraged by the defection of Governor JENKINS and the obstinacy of President JOHNSON, the Democratic press of the State teemed with the grossest personal abuse of the more prominent leaders of the Reconstruction movement, and sought to manufacture a public sentiment that would rigidly ostracize every man suspected of "Radicalism," and even encourage wives to leave their husbands, and justify assassination itself for political opinions' sake. So terrible was this storm of malevolent invective and denunciation, so rigid the social ostracism it occasioned, that many true Republicans lacked the moral courage to assert their honest convictions; and, rather than subject themselves and their families to such an ostracism, abandoned the field, and, in some instances, publicly recanted their faith! It was under such circumstances as these that FOSTER BLODGETT—a Southern man—took a bold and determined stand for the Right, as against the clamor of a turbulent mob, and thereby became the central figure in this momentous drama. His election to the position of Chairman of the State Central Executive Committee seemed less a matter of form than necessity; and under his able administration confidence was restored in the Republican ranks, and the Convention was called by a respectable majority of the registered voters. As a member of the State Constitutional Convention he was active and vigilant, originating many of the most important resolutions and ordinances that were adopted by that body. At the close of the campaign, and after the new State government had been inaugurated, Mr. BLODGETT received the nomination of his party for the position of United States Senator; but, through the defection of one or two Republicans, who essayed to become "respectable" with the pro-rebel faction, he was defeated in his election before the General Assembly, and Dr. H. V. M. MILLER—the representative of a compromise between the Reconstructionists and the Democrats—was elected over the regular Republican nominee. As a delegate to, and one of the vice-presidents of, the National Republican Convention at Chicago that nominated GRANT and COLFAX to the Presidency and Vice-Presidency, Mr. BLODGETT was active and conspicuous; and few men in the South contributed so much of time, energy, and personal sacrifice to the interests of the Republican ticket as he did. At present he is Treasurer of the Western and Atlantic (State) Railroad—the great railway thoroughfare of the State, northward, to the Tennessee Valley—a position of great trust and pecuniary responsibility, to which he was recently appointed by Governor BULLOCK.

In person Mr. BLODGETT is of medium height and size, slenderly but compactly built, and possesses extraordinary powers of physical and mental endurance. His moral and intellectual faculties are well developed; in temperament he is nervous-sanguine, and walks erect, with a light, elastic step. In manner he is quiet and engaging; in conversation ready and always interesting. His words are generally few and well chosen, and never fail to elicit attention, whether spoken in a tumultuous assemblage or in the more quiet decorum of the committee-room. He is eminently one of the representatives of the "self-made men" of our times; and has attained to great political influence in his section, without appearing to have sought it, or to have suspected that he possessed it.

RAKING FOR CLAMS.

THE fleet of boats engaged in the clam business in Prince's Bay, south of Staten Island, numbers about one hundred and fifty vessels, of from two to twenty tons burden, and manned each by two or three men. This fleet sends to the New York markets during the summer season between 300,000 and 400,000 clams per week, and during the fall and winter seasons about double that quantity. The clams sell at the boats for about $3 50 to $4 per thousand.

Our illustration on this page is from a characteristic drawing by Mr. EDWIN FORBES.


Edwin Forbes.

RAKING FOR CLAMS, PRINCE'S BAY.—[DRAWN BY EDWIN FORBES.]

A VERY SMALL COLONY.

WHEN the great Napoleon was conveyed to "Wild St. Helens," there to wear out his giant heart chafing against the iron rule of Sir Hudson Lowe, the English placed a garrison on the little island of Tristan D'Acunha, thirteen hundred miles to the south of the sentry-girt Longwood, to act as "outpost," or picket, to the naval guard around St. Helena.

The Conqueror of All releasing in a few years the whilom master of Europe, the garrison was withdrawn from Tristan D'Acunha, and three men-o'-war sailors were left undisputed masters of this bright little gem of the sea.

When H.M.S. *Gorgon* visited the group of islands of which Tristan D'Acunha is the largest and only inhabitable one, the approach to the shore was found difficult; indeed, it would be inaccessible were it not for a beautiful and curious provision of Nature, which has erected on the northeast side a natural breakwater of giant sea-weed, which makes the water as quiet as a mill-pond. The *Gorgon* was boarded by six strapping seamen, who came off in a very fine whale-boat, and accompanied some officers on shore.

They found there about a dozen huts, all built of solid stone, evidently the work of much patience and labor, but necessary to withstand the furious northerly gales. These little stone boxes are built here, there, and every where, more detached than one would think they should be for society's sake. Each has its little garden of potatoes, "cask" kennels, mongrel Newfoundland dogs, and substantial pig-sties. The inhabitants of the island were, in all, forty-three—men, women, and children. They are all related, but it is difficult to say how, as they have intermarried with each other until a few years since, when a Mr. Taylor visited them from the Cape of Good Hope, and for the sum of $5000 (which a philanthropic old Englishman left for the purpose) remained five years, improving and training their morals, etc.

This should be a happy family, but, strange to say, they are quite the contrary.

The patriarchs, at the period of the *Gorgon's* visit, were Thomas Swain, aged eighty-two, and Alexander Cotton, seventy-nine, both old man-of-war's men, discharged from the service half a century before to settle on this island.

The inhabitants subsist mainly on their land productions, having herds of fine sheep and bullocks, but obtain their luxuries by exchanging the monsters of the deep with masters of ships calling for water. During the months of February and August considerable numbers of sea-elephants are caught, the larger of which yield about four barrels of oil each. The tusks are small and of little value. The islands also swarm with seals, from two thousand to three thousand having been seen in one year.

Whales are also caught, but seldom. The sea alone would make this dreary colony rich had they a good, stirring Yankee population, the present possessors making no exertion until a ship arrives; then the whaling, sealing, etc., commences. They barter all they catch for English and American goods, and then they lie on their oars instead of laying in stocks of valuable oil, skins, tusks, corned beef, etc., ready for the next ship, the sure sale of which would speedily enrich them, and enable them to return to their father-land with independent fortunes.

THE SOLAR MUTABILITY.

SCIENCE is every day teaching us to think of the sun, and what have now been so long called the "fixed" stars, with less and less of that sense of fixity which their enormous importance to planetary beings would seem to render desirable. Not only have we learned that all these so-called fixed centres of separate universes are themselves traveling in different directions (dragging their planetary systems after them), with enormous speed, though their distances from our own system are so great that, in the few centuries we have had to study them, the change has not become very apparent to ordinary perceptions; but we have also learned that many of them are "variable" stars—our own sun among the number—becoming brighter, and again less bright at fixed intervals of years; that some of them have broken up and disappeared some years (or perhaps thousands of years) before the blank caused by their disappearance could have struck the human retina. Nay more, we now know that our own sun (resembling in this probably most other solar bodies of the same kind) is in so highly fluid and excitable a condition as to be constantly sending out from its surface forked tongues (thousands of miles in extent) of inflamed hydrogen gas, like the flickering streams of light from the stars of a street illumination; and, moreover, as to be subject to great periodical disturbances, now called "magnetic storms," which are in all probability *caused* by certain combinations in the movements of those little solid bodies, on one of which we live, round the sun. Even now one such epoch of magnetic storm seems to be thought pretty near at hand. The sun has been lately exhibiting the most surprising forms of disturbance, and presenting to scientific eyes less "fixity" of essence than ever. Spots so vast that we must estimate their dimensions by millions of square miles have broken out from time to time, and have presented rapid changes of figure, indicating the action of forces of inconceivable intensity. Clusters of smaller spots, extending over yet vaster areas, have exhibited every form of disturbance known to the solar physicist, and every degree of light, from the apparent blackness (in reality only relative) of the nuclei, to the intense brilliancy of the faculous ridges.

And we now know that these appearances are not merely matters for the curious, with which, as they happen at a distance of above ninety millions of miles, practical men need not concern themselves. In point of fact, it is by no means impossible that the issues of peace or war, of a financial crisis, or a religious agitation, may be closely bound up with these phenomena—if not, indeed—which is also quite *possible*—the sudden disappearance of our whole system after the fashion of other solar systems which have thus disappeared. This much, at least, is certain, that the vast changes now going on in the physical constitution of the sun are changes which do most powerfully affect the electric condition of our earth, which have in former years caused the most violent disturbances in the various artificial as well as natural electric apparatuses of the world we live in, and which, to speak of the least of all its possible effects, might, just as well as not, happen some day to throw the electric condition of every telegraphic cable on our planet, under the sea or above it, into the most dire confusion, and send down telegraphic companies' shares to zero in a lump, even if they did not contrive to telegraph to us, after some strange inarticulate fashion, that shares in all public companies, even in that very limited public company, the human race, are, in a physical point of view, of very doubtful value indeed. Let us explain briefly to what we allude.

On September 1, 1859, shortly before noon, two astronomers—Messrs. Hodgson and Carrington—one at Oxford, the other in London, were at the same instant scrutinizing a large group of sun spots. On a sudden two intensely bright patches of light appeared in front of the cluster. So brilliant were they that the observers thought the darkening screens attached to their telescopes must have become fractured. But this was found not to be the case. The bright spots indicated some process going on upon the sun's surface—a process of such activity that within five minutes the spots traveled over a space of nearly 34,000 miles. Now, at the Kew Observatory there are self-registering magnetic instruments which indicate the processes of change by which the subtle influences of terrestrial magnetism wax and wane. At one time the line traced by the pointer will be marked by scarcely perceptible undulations, indicating the almost quiescent state of the great terrestrial magnet. At another, well-marked waves along the line exhibit the pulsations of the magnetic system, influenced in a manner as yet unintelligible to the physicist. And then there is a third form of disturbance—the sharp, sudden jerks of the pointer exhibiting the occurrence of those mysterious phenomena termed "magnetic storms." When the records of the Kew Observatory came to be looked over, it was found that at the very instant in which the brilliant spots of light had appeared to Messrs. Hodgson and Carrington, the self-registering instruments had been subjected to the third and most significant form of disturbance—a magnetic storm began, in fact, as the light broke out on the sun's surface. But this was not the only evidence of the sympathy with which the earth responded to the solar action. It was subsequently found that soon after the spots of light had appeared the whole frame of the earth had thrilled under a mysterious magnetic influence. At the West Indies, in South America, in Australia, wherever magnetic observations are systematically made, the observers had the same story to tell. In the telegraph stations at Washington and Philadelphia the signalmen received strong electric shocks. In Norway telegraphic machinery was set on fire. The pen of Bain's telegraph was followed by a flame. And wherever telegraphic wires were in action, well-marked indications of disturbance presented themselves. Even this, however, was not all. The great magnetic storm was not a mere instantaneous electric throe. Hours passed before the disturbed earth resumed its ordinary state. And thus it happened that in nearly all parts of the earth night fell while the storm was yet in progress. During that night magnificent auroras spread their waving streamers over the sky, both in the northern and the southern hemisphere. As the disturbed needle vibrated, the colored streamers waved responsive, and it was only when the magnetic storm was subsiding that the auroral lights faded from the heavens.

Now, it is evident that these phenomena show the most intimate relation between these peculiar disturbances in the sun and the magnetic currents of our own earth. Directly one of these changes takes place upward of ninety millions of miles away, the electric condition of our planet is changed in some mysterious way, of which our instruments, and even the condition of our sky, bear record. The pens of *all* our telegraphic wires may some day trace in flame a handwriting more ominous of human destiny than was the handwriting which during Belshazzar's feast traced a warning on the wall of the fall of the Babylonian dynasty. Moreover, note this, that these changes in the condition of the sun take place at intervals of about eleven years. The variable star which swings us round it, as well as supplying us with light and heat and (apparently) magnetism, clouds over every eleven years with these spots, so that it seems most likely that every eleven years certain magnetic conditions recur which have not occurred in the interval. If so, perhaps, the magnetic excitement of 1859 will recur, and it may be in much greater force, next year—in 1870. And if it does, how are we to say what may or may not recur with it? It is quite possible that those periods of speculative financial excitement—which are also said to follow a periodic law of something very like the same period—may be more or less dependent on the magnetic condition of our planet, that so mean a phenomenon as speculative frenzy on the various stock exchanges of Europe may be more or less connected with these wonderful discharges of voltaic batteries in the sun. Is it quite impossible that the electric political condition of Europe in 1848—and again, at an interval of eleven years, in the year of Italian revival and revolution, 1859—may not recur after one more period of eleven years, in 1870, in consequence of the returning epoch of magnetic excitement in the sun? It would be ridiculous to affirm that there could be no connection between the moral excitability of nations and electric phenomena on so grand a scale as this; nor would it in any degree be a grossly materialistic explanation of moral and spiritual changes, any more than it is a materialistic explanation of moral and spiritual changes to say that starving people are deficient in moral spirit, and that a storm of rain depresses the most gallant army that ever fought. Could we really establish any periodical law of electric excitement on the earth, it would not be irrational, but in the highest degree rational, to expect marked human phenomena in connection with it—either a great concurrent depression or a great concurrent stimulus to the energies of the human brain.

But, after all, what strikes our imagination most is the curious insight we are beginning to glean of the highly susceptible and sensitive constitution of the sun. That a mass but little denser even as a whole than water, nearly four times as light, bulk for bulk, as that of our own earth, and surrounded by an envelope of burning gas, which is by comparison with the intense heat and light of the proper surface of the sun itself mere cold and darkness—that a mere wandering flame of this kind, shooting rapidly through space, an iron-smelting furnace throwing out tongues of fire on all sides, and so highly susceptible to external influence that certain combinations of planets which, when all thrown into the same scale, would make up only an infinitesimal portion of the sun's mass, cause the most marvelous disturbances in his physical constitution, and lead to magnetic storms such as we have described on his surface—that such a body as this, we say, should yet for thousands of years exercise so orderly, continuous, and consistent an influence over the development of our terrestrial world and our human affairs, does seem truly marvelous. Can any thing be conceived less apparently likely to lead to fixity of tenure in our universe than a centre for it such as this—a great boiling furnace of forces enveloped in an atmosphere of flaming gas, and subject to the most violent superficial excitements under the most apparently insignificant external influences? The old Hebrew conception of an earth "founded on the seas and established on the floods," which had been made so fast that it "could not be moved," was a conception of perfect solidity compared to that heliocentric basis of our universe—a hurricane of flame the disturbances of which might perhaps be best represented to our imaginations by the occasional explosion of a planet or two of nitro-glycerine, which we are compelled to substitute. Yet hence proceed attractions of gravitation which have not sensibly altered during the life of man upon the earth—waves of light indicating by their spectra the burning of the very same substances in the sun as were being consumed in all probability when the words "let light be" were first registered—and, as we now appear likely to learn, periodic magnetic impulses, recurring with the punctuality of seasons and eclipses, certain to be full of import for us, and yet not improbably of the same nature as those greater hurricanes by which other suns have perished. Is it possible to conceive a more apparently unstable centre and fountain of a universe of law and order? Is it possible to conceive a more impressive lesson on the words, "He maketh his ministers a flaming fire?"

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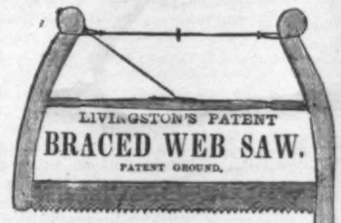
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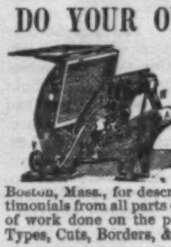

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